New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LVIII · No. 1483 SATURDAY · 15 AUGUST 1959 NINEPENCE

Iceland Diary

★

Controlling the Police

★

Persecuting a Dissenter

★

Let Zealots Fight
by H. R. Trevor-Roper

Comments on the Week's News .. 178
News from Our Own Correspondents 179
Persecuting a Dissenter 181
Control of the Police 182
Iceland Diary. Critic 183
This England 184
Malaya's Difficult Road. Derrick Sington 184
Ships in the Seventies. Nigel Calder .. 184
No Path to Rome. Paul Johnson .. 186

ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

Thought is Comprehensive. Reyner Banham 188
That Evening Sun. A. Alvarez .. 190
Travellin' All Alone. Francis Newton.. 191
Kindheart and Coronet. William Whitebait 192
Dramatic Clash. Tom Driberg .. 192

CORRESPONDENCE

John Connell, G. P. Roy, Elaine Morgan, John Smith, J. B. Lightstone, Mona Macmillan, N. M. M. Pijper, C. C. Learmouth, D. Stark Murray, Audrey Jupp, H. E. Stokes, N. St John-Stevas 193

Books in General:
'. . . let graceless zealots fight.' H. R. Trevor-Roper 196
Variations on an Infant Theme. Michael Hamburger 197

REVIEWS

Sicily on the Move. V. S. Pritchett .. 198
Know Your Community. Asa Briggs .. 198
Nonconformist Victorians. E. J. Hobsbawn 199
Scarce a Shift At All. Honor Tracy .. 200
New Fiction. V. S. Naipaul 200
In Addition to Mansfield. Jack Bennett 201
Perspectives of Thought. Philip Sherrard 201
Cordage and Tar. Andrew Wordsworth 202
Salazar's Empire. Basil Davidson .. 202
Victorianula. Mary Scrutton 203
Shorter Reviews 203
Week-end Competitions 204

© *The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd* 1959

Two Old Men and a Bomb

THE French government has now made it brutally clear that whether or not the three nuclear powers reach an agreement to ban tests France will complete its programme. Three or more atomic weapons will be tested some time this autumn, to be followed, it is believed, by a thermo-nuclear device in the spring. Despite denials in Paris and Bonn, it is clear that the Germans are playing an important role in the French heavy-weapons programme. Through their joint armaments commission, Germany contributes to the upkeep of the Saharan testing-grounds—a book-keeping device to conceal the German financing of the bomb. The two nations have a joint rocket-development station in Alsace, and German expertise in missiles is behind the development of the SE 4,200 long-range rocket—the instrument which will carry French A-bombs and H-bombs. Indeed, the so-called French programme is plainly designed not merely to raise France to power parity with Britain, but to supply a military basis for joint Franco-German diplomacy.

This astonishing reversal of traditional enmities—the culmination of the policy Laval formulated in 1940—springs from Franco-German recognition that they have a common interest in the maintenance of a certain level of Cold War tension. Since 1947 it has been a major object of French diplomacy to secure US financing of her colonial wars. She was so successful in the case of Indo-China that, for seven years, in terms of external payments, she even made a profit on the operation. In Algeria, US cash has been harder to obtain. Though America still foots nearly one-third of the bill, and under off-shore agreements supplies nearly all the modern equipment which alone allows the French army to maintain a military stalemate, France has never succeeded in getting Algeria classified as a Cold War theatre. But Paris still has hopes. When President Eisenhower sees de Gaulle next month, the latter will once again raise his plan for 'global western strategy', under which Algeria would come under the purview of Nato, and he will threaten further sanctions against Nato forces on French territory unless he is given satisfaction. Clearly, in American eyes, both France's intrinsic value, and her ability to supplement it by blackmail against Nato, are in direct ratio to the level of Cold War tension. France's principal diplomatic asset, therefore, is America's fear of Russia.

Much the same can be said of West Germany. For the first time in her history, she has elevated herself to great-power status without creating an army. Mr Dulles's European policy was founded on the reliability of West German intransigence, for Dr Adenauer recognised that the present form of the state he created and rules depends on the permanence of the Cold War stalemate. So long as Dulles controlled US foreign policy, Adenauer, without the bomb, counted for more in Washington than Britain with it. When the twilight of the Dulles era thickened, Adenauer was quick to recognise that this must lead to a corresponding weakening of West German influence, and he cancelled his plans to retire. De Gaulle, too, perceived that the shift in Washington must threaten France's interests. Danger brought the two men closer; and they are now united in an unholy alliance to preserve the atmosphere of permanent crisis from which they derive their strength.

This is the explanation of the frantic bickering over the timetable of Eisenhower's visit to Europe. His decision to meet Mr Krushchev was the first overt sign that Dulles was truly in his grave. Unable to rescind it, the Franco-German axis has tried to limit its consequences. By rejecting a western 'Summit', de Gaulle hopes to emphasise that Eisenhower will talk to Krushchev purely on his own behalf; by securing a private interview with the President, Adenauer hopes to re-establish the personal mastery which he exercised over the President's dead adviser. The efforts of the two old men are essentially a rearguard action; now that direct communication between the two super-powers has been established, the leverage of their more intransigent allies is bound to lessen. Hence the significance of impending events in the Sahara. For the Franco-German bomb is designed to fill the lacuna in their diplomacy which the decline of the Cold War threatens to leave.

Comments on the Week's News

Price Plateau

The Cohen Committee is developing a happy knack of hitting exactly the note that sounds sweetest to Tory ears. There are no doubt some lesser aspects of its third report which Mr Macmillan and Mr Amory will affect not to notice – at least until after the election. But its main conclusion, that prices have been remarkably stable in the past 18 months, and that though the economy has now begun again to expand there is no immediate inflationary danger, is going to be the main theme of Conservative domestic propaganda. No one will quarrel with these statements as matters of fact, but the committee makes no serious attempt to assess the means by which the price plateau was reached, or the true economic cost of the stagnation which ensued. Obliquely, it is true, the committee concedes this point, when it remarks that a substantial increase in productivity should be achieved in the coming months—without corresponding increases in wages and prices—because the labour force has been under-employed in the last year. But the way in which the report minimises the adverse consequences of this period of stability raises doubts about its formula for perpetuating this price stability. It may last while industry takes up the slack. But will it last if labour and other resources once again come into short supply as a result of full employment? It is no answer to urge manufacturers to get into the habit of price-cutting, of passing on the benefits of higher productivity to the consumer, rather than to shareholders and wage-earners. At least, it is no answer while there is a free market for capital, raw materials and labour. That is why the committee is led on to suggest, first, that industry should plough back less of its profits and that it should become more dependent on the capital market, where monetary policy can control the supply more effectively; secondly, that there should be some form of control over both prices and profits; and, thirdly, that Britain should consider statutory measures to enforce a wages policy. In short, to achieve expansion without excessive inflation, fairly substantial state intervention is required. No matter that the form of the controls may be different from those which, say, Mr Harold Wilson might devise. The crucial point is that the Cohen Committee concedes the principle. These paragraphs, however, are likely to be forgotten as quickly as possible. As the Radcliffe Committee is now ready with a report which is said to go much farther in its strictures on the government's monetary policy as a device for fighting inflation, Mr Amory will want to wring as much comfort as he can from the Cohen Committee's tribute to stable prices.

Shop Stewards

So many factors were tangled together in the British Motor Corporation strike at Cowley that it is doubtful whether even those directly involved were quite clear about its causes. The initial reason for the stoppage was the dismissal of the senior shop steward of the Transport & General Workers Union, Mr Horsman, who has undoubtedly been an irritant to the BMC management for some years. On at least four occasions since 1952, the management has suggested that he be replaced, and it finally discharged him for a breach of industrial discipline. To this, 11 of the 12 unions represented in the works – with the full backing of their Confederation – retorted by an official strike; they were naturally anxious to retain their right to pick their own shop stewards and prove that they can protect their militants from victimisation.

But this dispute was not quite as simple as that. In the first place, there has been tension between the Amalgamated Engineering Union and the T & GW since the last BMC strike, and more recently there has been a covert feud on the national level between the two big unions. This may explain the reluctance of the AEU to join the strike: at the plant level, moreover, there has been considerable jurisdictional trouble which increased the tension. Secondly, there is the larger problem of shop stewards in the motor industry. In the past ten years, there has been a series of stoppages – most of them unofficial – at BMC and Ford plants, in which the stewards have played a leading role. There is no doubt that the managements would like to weed some of these men out. But shop stewards also play a useful role, from the management's point of view. A well-organised shop is usually an efficient shop. Small changes in production methods, in pricing, or labour practices, can be arranged on the spot, without going through laborious consultations with senior union officials: a shop stewards' committee, moreover, enables management to get quick inter-union discussions at the factory level – something that is valuable when members of four or five unions may be involved in one process. Most of the time there is no difficulty. But there must be something wrong with industrial relations in an industry when both sides are so touchy that they form up massively against each other – at considerable cost – over the body of one shop steward. Clearly reforms are needed in the structure of industrial bargaining. One of the most important is to establish the proposition that trade unions will have to base themselves more on the factory, rather than on residential, branches and build their organisation around the shop stewards. In the long run, more local responsibility is the only alternative to the twin evils of apathy and bureaucracy.

Nationalist Trumpets in Kenya

The statement issued in Kenya by the four main African leaders last week provides further evidence of the division of opinion which has developed amongst the Non-European elected members. The previous week the Kenya National Party had been formed by ten of the 14 African elected members, all the Asians and one European. The omission from this party of Messrs Oginga Odinga, Tom Mboya and Dr Kiano was notable as they are accepted as the most powerful African representatives. Now they have published a policy which goes far beyond the rather vague aims of the National Party. It demands a Legislative Council entirely composed of elected members, with universal adult suffrage and a common voters' roll. For a transition period the European, Asian and Arab minorities would be allowed reserved seats, but the Africans would outnumber the total minority representation in the ratio of two to one. The majority party would be invited to form a government from the elected members, retaining only three civil servant ministers. Responsible government should then be conceded by Britain, with a definite date for independence. These demands are coupled with the release of all detainees, including Kenyatta, a ban on further European settlement, the opening of the White Highlands, the immediate introduction of multi-racial education, and either a disbandment of the European Kenya Regiment or its opening to all races. The cynics will say that these extreme demands illustrate only the degree of competition between leading African politicians for personal popularity. It is to be noted, however, that even the Council of State, appointed by Mr Lennox-Boyd against the opposition of African members, has itself proclaimed against discrimination in franchise qualifications. It would be more accurate to recognise this policy statement as a high bargaining factor put forward by the African leaders in order to stake their position before the forthcoming constitutional conference, and a determined claim that Kenya Africans should advance at least as fast as those in Uganda and Tanganyika. They may be prepared to compromise on its details, though it is more likely that they foresee already the conference reaching deadlock and Britain again being forced to impose a new constitution. They would then be free to mobilise support for their demands. What their move is certain to do is to compel the ten African members who formed the National Party to declare whether they will follow this extreme lead or risk rejection by their people in appearing as moderates. The Asians believe that it is too early to institute universal suffrage or to contemplate responsible government. They are thus being squeezed out of the Non-European front, either to stand on their own or to work with moderate Europeans. The logic of the past 30 years of disregard of African aspirations is now reaching its conclusion.

The Other Police State

While the press is still reverberating with the impact of the Devlin report on Nyasaland, the Ridley report on Northern Rhodesia has emerged almost unsung. Yet the reports cover broadly the same ground; only the men – and therefore the conclusions – are different. Mr Ridley was appointed by the Northern Rhodesian government last March in accordance with its obligations under the Emergency Powers Ordinances. These provide that, whenever the government uses these powers to anticipate rather than to deal with an 'emergency', it must appoint a 'person' to inquire into all the circumstances which have led it to do so. On 11 March last the Northern Rhodesian government issued the Safeguard of Elections and Public Safety Regulations, under which African meetings have been banned and a large number of African leaders 'restricted' to remote areas on the grounds that they were trying to enforce a boycott of the elections of 20 March. The 'person' chosen by the Northern Rhodesian government to inquire into the validity of its action was one of its own officials. It is perhaps not surprising, therefore, that Mr Ridley finds all the charges against the Zambia African National Congress proved, or that in every case he accepts the evidence of the Special Branch against that of the Congress witnesses. He concludes that Zambia was preparing a 'two-states' campaign culminating in 'widespread acts of violence and terrorism'. Moreover, unlike Mr Justice Devlin, Mr Ridley does not attempt to probe the causes of African unrest which reached its peak after the introduction of the new constitution earlier this year. He records briefly and without

comment the reasons why Africans opposed the new constitution – the fears reiterated by witness after witness that the new legislative council, in which elected Africans are out-numbered by 14 to eight would strongly support dominion status for the Federation, and in doing so claim to speak for Africans at the 1960 constitutional review. Yet clearly fear of federation is the key to the situation in Northern Rhodesia as much as in Nyasaland. And it is clear from Mr Ridley's complacent report that the Northern Rhodesia government treats the question of federation (as Mr Justice Devlin found that the Nyasaland government did) 'as one that is no longer open'. And with the same results – the prospect of the indefinite use of emergency powers to suppress African unrest.

Casement: The End

By its belated decision to open the Casement diaries to 'responsible' students, the Home Office has put an end to a 40-year mystery. There can no longer be any doubt that the diaries are genuine and that Casement was sexually abnormal to a high degree. But then – as Dr Letitia Fairfield showed in this journal in reviewing Alfred Noyes's defence of Casement (*NS*, 4 May 1957) – there have been no substantial grounds of doubt about this for a long time now. What remains a mystery is the attitude of the Home Office for so many years: if the diaries can be seen now, why on earth should the doubt about their authenticity ever have been allowed to grow? Two comments seem worth making about their relevance to Casement's public life and the politics of his execution. In the first place, Casement's public work is not discredited by the evidence of the diaries – rather the reverse is true: the diaries themselves do much to justify the public repute in which his supporters held him. That they also establish him as a homosexual and an obsessional *voyeur* is largely irrelevant to his public work. Secondly, the real point at issue over Casement's execution is not the authenticity of the diaries but the use that was made of them. If ministers and senior civil servants like Lord Birkenhead, Admiral Hall, Sir Basil Thomson and Sir Earnley Blackwell can now be acquitted of participation in the criminal offence of forgery, they remain convicted of behaviour which is a permanent disgrace to the public service.

The Death of Aissat Idir

The Algerian war is once more approaching a crisis. The French army has embarked on a large-scale offensive, the first since last winter, involving 30,000 troops with massive air-support. The Algerian authorities, for their part, have published statements claiming that the strength and armament of the Algerian forces are 'steadily increasing'. Both, clearly, have their eyes not only on General de Gaulle's visit at the end of the month but also on the approaching session of the UN Assembly, which will discuss Algeria soon after it meets on 15 September. It is expected that a motion favouring the Algerian case will this time get a two-thirds majority. Much will depend on the vote of the United States, which last year abstained. According to Gaullist sources, General de Gaulle intends to raise the subject when President Eisenhower visits him on 2 September, and threaten to employ further sanctions against the US forces in France. But there is also domestic pressure on the Administration to come out openly on the side of the Algerians. Since Senator Kennedy's forthright speech last month, a pro-Algerian lobby has been building up among the Democrats, and last week 16 Democrat congressmen – with the support, it is believed, of Kennedy – sent a cable to the nine-nation African congress in Monrovia in which they stated flatly that the US should 'take the leadership' in ending the war. Further pressure is being exerted by the ICFTU, which has taken up the case of the late Aissat Idir, Secretary General of the Algerian Trades Union Federation (UGTA) – probably the worst single incident of the entire war. Arrested in 1956, Idir was handed over to the paratroopers in May, 1957, and after a month of torture signed a confession. When finally brought to court, this January, the confession was thrown out, as being manifestly implausible, and the charge withdrawn. Despite this, the military authorities refused to release him and he was again tortured. On 26 July, he died. The authorities first announced he had committed suicide (the usual formula for those who die under torture), but later stated he had had an accident caused by smoking in bed (Idir did not smoke). Perhaps the most disturbing feature of the case is that both M. Delouvrier, the Delegate-General in Algiers, and the Ministry of Justice, tried and failed to get the army to hand over Idir after the court verdict.

Advising the London Citizen

It is now clear that the Poor Man's Lawyer – where, as in London, he still survives the recent changes in 'legal aid and advice' procedure – will not be superseded by the government's legal advice scheme. The annual report of the London Council of Social Service agrees that for many parts of the country the official scheme was urgently needed, in particular because the government's ten-year delay in fulfilling the promise of it had dried up much of the voluntary help formerly available. In London most of the Citizens' Advice Bureaux can still call upon volunteer solicitors and barristers to do this valuable and self-educative job, and their help is not confined to the official 'one session of oral advice' per client – it extends to the writing of letters and the conduct of negotiations. The Rent Act, which still brings in the largest number of inquiries, probably affords the best example of the way in which the strategically placed oracles function also as listening posts in the social administration. Before the Act came into force, the staffs were briefed by the Ministry on its complicated provisions, and then supplied the Ministry with reports on the difficulties and reactions of the people being advised and helped. Domestic government has become dependent upon such agencies: if there were no councils of social service, they would now have to be invented quickly.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Madrid

Blind Injustice

On August Bank Holiday, after being held in prison for two and a half months, nine students from the Universities of Madrid, Valencia and Salamanca, varying in age from a girl of 19 studying music to a 30-year-old engineering student, were tried before a military court for 'military rebellion'. The girl and a 19-year-old student were acquitted, two received sentences of three years' imprisonment, one two years, two a year and two six months and a day. The Court comprised seven army officers, the highest in rank being the presiding judge, a colonel. Only one, the *vocal ponente*, had legal knowledge – he corresponds somewhat to a Judge Advocate—but besides advising, the president in effect acted as an additional prosecuting attorney.

As the procedure of the Military Court does not permit the participation of lawyers, the defence was conducted by two military officers, of the rank of captain, selected by the accused from a list provided for them. The prosecution was conducted by the Military Judge for the region. The procedure does not provide for witnesses to be called by the defence or proofs entered without the express permission of the president. Under protest from the *ponente* the defence was permitted one witness, a Professor of Biology at Salamanca University, who testified that he was instructing his pupil, Alonso Novo, in the biology laboratory at the times he was alleged to have distributed the leaflets supporting a strike called for 18 June last – which in sum was what the 'military rebellion' amounted to. This same student had been cruelly tortured by the arresting police and had signed a statement admitting guilt which he later repudiated; but it was not withdrawn and was read in court. The defence was denied its request to enter the certificate of the doctor who attended him, describing his frightful condition and the nature of the treatment prescribed. Novo was sentenced to a year's imprisonment.

All requests made by the prosecution for the entering of proofs were met. These included a leaflet calling for support for the strike in view of the political and economic situation in Spain, and demanding an end to dictatorship. The students had modified the leaflet and deleted the reference to dictatorship before distributing it. Letters exchanged between Tomas Llorens, 24, law student at Madrid, and Vicente Garcia, 27, law student at Valencia, gave instructions for the distribution of the leaflets and a description of how they were carried out. Llorens suggested they be scattered on the campus from on high, and that those doing so 'should then hurry away, as people look up to see whence they come'. Garcia replied that he had carried out the distribution but it had not been very successful because the public regarded the university as 'a public paper mill', as all the political groups, 'Falange and Carlists alike', were continuously issuing pamphlets. These dangerous revolutionaries had not even destroyed their letters. Llorens got three years and Garcia one.

Examination of the accused took a maximum of ten minutes for the leaders, and a minimum of two for the others. The prosecution sought to disclose the Communist inspiration of their actions, the extreme character of the University Socialist Association (ASU) of which they were members, and the bad political character of the accused. The defence was directed at proving the contrary, the non-Communist nature of the group, their innocent intentions inasmuch as they met in public places and not in secret, the fact that their principal political aim was to resolve their country's problems peacefully and not to attack the regime, and, where applicable, to show them to be good Catholics.

When asked if they had anything to say, the accused protested their eagerness to participate in

solving their country's problems, but not one denied his Socialist faith. The sentences were far lighter than expected and half those first asked by the prosecution. Why the trial was held before a military court, when equally severe penalities could have been imposed by a civilian one, neither my Spanish friends nor foreign diplomats and journalist in Madrid could explain. Many political prisoners, Antonio Amat, leader of the Socialists in Spain, and his colleague, Santos Martin, arrested last November, among them, are still held in prison without trial. The explanation that the student trial was to discourage the others is not entirely convincing because, while the trial was public and I had no difficulty in attending, although the police shadowed me continuously, no reference to it has appeared in the Madrid papers. It may be that Franco is fearful of the growing opposition among the young intellectuals, many of whom come from wealthy and politically 'safe' families.

It is certain, however, that Franco is politically weaker than for some time past. More important perhaps, he is more vulnerable economically. Spain's recent entry into OEEC provides him with a last chance to salvage his deteriorating economy with external aid. This closer alliance with and dependence upon the West also makes Franco more susceptible to world opinion. It is most important, therefore, that the opposition of world opinion to continued political persecution in Spain makes itself felt.

ERNEST DAVIES

Paris

Leather-jackets

Our Paris Correspondent writes: 'If you wish to appreciate the ability of French women to transform themselves you ought to come to the beach at St Tropez'. Thus a friend, who has just come back from the most 'intellectual' (or should one say most snobbish?) resort on the Riviera. He was trying to persuade me that, under the influence of American literature, all the young girls from Paris have been changed into Lolitas. Last year, the fashion was to ape Brigitte Bardot – and even this was a bit difficult for some girls when they had to appear in a swimming costume. But Lolita? How can girls who are already more than 20 manage to look like nymphets? The secret has not yet been disclosed, but my friend insists that all over the beach he saw models who seemed to have walked straight out of the pages of Mr Nabokov's best seller.

Unhappily, the influence of American movies and books doesn't always seem to be so innocent. A short time ago, outside the Casino at Bandol, a place much favoured by British tourists the holiday makers were witnesses – and a few of them were the victims – of a real rough-house. Two groups of teen-agers, one from Toulon and the other consisting of local boys, went for each other with iron bars and bicycle chains. The numbers involved and the casualty list making this more newsworthy than an ordinary local brawl, all France has learnt about the bands of 'leather-jackets'. The next day, moreover, in the St Lambert district of Paris, there was another outbreak of the same kind – which suggests that this is becoming a national problem.

Why are these young rowdies called 'leather-jackets'? Is it because they are disciples of James Dean, or imitators of Marlon Brando's gang in *The Wild Ones*? Certainly leather jackets seem to be the uniform for young American delinquents. Most of the journalists who have been writing about these adolescents, however, say that they model themselves more on the manners of their American idols than on the details of their clothing. The jackets they wear are mostly made of nylon or poplin because leather is too expensive in France. Still, leather jackets or not, the adolescent gangs exist and they are much more like the 'Wild Ones' than English teddy boys. Their violence and their anti-social behaviour reflect the tensions of a society which, for the last 20 years, has been fighting first a world war and then colonial campaigns. The teen-agers who are on the verge of their military service are political cynics, but they live in poor conditions with parents who are not greatly interested in them and in a society which offers them few cultural distractions. France does not provide parks of culture and sports stadiums: it makes tanks and flame-throwers for Algeria.

James Dean and Marlon Brando have got their imitators in every country. The teddy boys and the hooligans can be found in both east and west, and their problems cannot be ignored. But in France, in addition to the ills of the younger generation there is the sickness of a society in which violence, torture and war are daily realities. The fashions on the beach at St Tropez will probably change before next year, and there will no longer be any more *parisiennes à la Lolita*. But we shall certainly be hearing more about the 'leather-jackets'.

Fleet Street

After the Printing Dispute

Casualties of the printing stoppage have so far been fewer than most people expected. The number of society glossies has been reduced by one with the death of the *Sketch*; and two local weeklies, one in Kent and one in Yorkshire, are ceasing independent publication. Otherwise the 87 morning and evening provincial papers, the 1,000-odd local weeklies and the 4,300 printing and publishing firms, ranging from great magazine houses like Odhams and Amalgamated Press (now re-christened Fleetway Publications because, says Cecil King, his uncle Northcliffe always hated the earlier name and so does he) to tiny little jobbing printers, will carry on as before. Some, however, are whistling hard to keep their courage up. Well they might. The employers have lost at least £15m. as a direct result of the stoppage, and in some cases the consequences of this are likely to snowball. The men have lost £8m. in wages, and the ten unions involved some £3,500,000 in funds to meet strike pay. It has been a costly business all round.

The question that remains is whether it has brought any lasting stability to the industry or whether the settlement represents merely a breathing space with the same thing likely to happen all over again three years hence, when the present settlement comes to an end. It is not easy to say. The unions have promised to try to bring to an end various restrictive practices, particularly those which have led in the past to the wasteful use of skilled labour on unskilled jobs; and both managements and unions have agreed to co-operate in method-study and other aids to efficient production and to consult on the adoption of new processes and new types of machines. This could mean much or little – although the plain fact is that, unless new processes are introduced, there are bound to be economic troubles ahead. But it would be idle to pretend that the main problems that led to the stoppage have been solved. Indeed, some of them may prove even more intransigent. A considerable number of workers in the industry are highly dissatisfied with the result, and in some cases relations between them and their union leaders are, in consequence, worse than they have been for a considerable period. The union leaders have common sense on their side. They got the best terms they could. But a large number of their members feel that, after holding out for more than six weeks, they should have got more. This is not going to make the implementation of the undertakings on restrictive practices easy.

For a great many of what one side calls 'restrictive practices' the other side calls the 'custom of the trade'; and in a large number of instances the 'custom of the trade' has come to refer not to what is done nationally as part of settled union decisions but what has grown up locally or even in individual publishing houses or printing establishments as a result of compromises between individual managements and their own workers. This means that, although union leaders may promise in all good faith to end or amend restrictive practices, the implementation of their promises lies in the hands of local representatives and 'chapel' committees many of whom are in no mood to go out of their way to obey head office requests.

Moreover, a good many of what are commonly denounced as restrictive practices are as much the responsibility of managements as of the men. In many instances they have been acquiesced in voluntarily – one might almost say enthusiastically – by managements in order to over-bid rivals who might otherwise have tempted key workers away. This situation sometimes reaches fantastic levels even within a single organisation. For example, in one provincial newspaper chain average wages of printing workers in one large town are between £3 and £4 higher than those of its comparable employees in another large industrial centre – although the wage rates are identical for both cities, simply because in one all sorts of merit and overtime payments have been privately agreed on which do not operate in the other. It is going to take much more than a national agreement to get over this sort of anomaly.

Incidentally, such anomalies exist to an even larger degree among national newspapers than among the provincial papers affected by the recent stoppage. There are several national papers, including one or two of the most 'respectable', which have been ready to offer practically anything in order to avoid trouble or the risk of losing men to other newspaper publishers. Being prosperous, they have been able to do so without feeling it over-much. The sufferers have been the less prosperous papers trying hard to keep going on a much narrower margin and with the bidding constantly raised against them by wealthier competitors.

This is what makes the whole discussion of restrictive practices so difficult. One hears hair-raising tales – only to meet with blank denials when one investigates – the truth being that what is quoted as a general example frequently turns out to be an isolated instance, and one in which, so far from greedy or work-shy employees holding reluctant employers to ransom, the managements have gone at least half-way in order to bribe their men to stay or to make sure that they will be in a position to draw workers from other firms if they need them. And a good many prosperous employers have – at any rate until recently – been perfectly happy that costs should be kept high because they could afford to pay where their competitors could not.

Not all restrictive practices are, of course, of

this kind. Some of them arise from the unions' concern for security and continuity of employment for their members and from their often well-justified suspicion that not all employers share that concern. Moreover, the very structure of the national negotiating machinery which is perpetuated under the current agreement tends to promote anomalies and create problems. There is, as the *Manchester Guardian* pointed out in one of the few leading articles in any national newspaper to look at the dispute as objectively as if some industry other than printing were concerned, no essential reason why magazine printing, book printing and newspaper printing should be inseparable in negotiation – 'or why the problems of introducing new machinery for the printing of soap-wrappers should be inseparable from those of staffing a weekly newspaper office'. Yet both sides insist that it shall be so. As a result, a situation has been created which is bound to cause trouble because it prevents all flexibility, lumping together units which differ enormously not only in their capacity to pay but in their productivity problems.

It really is absurd that vast magazine-owning and publishing houses with millionaire profits should be lumped together with small jobbing printers employing a dozen or less men. Nor are the circumstances of a great chain of provincial evening and morning papers like the Kemsley group, sold for £4,500,000 while the dispute was actually on, comparable to those of a small individual local weekly. There are firms which do highly profitable commercial printing; but there are others whose principal customers are prestige journals of comparatively small circulation but great influence and importance in the life of the country, which are not run primarily for profit and which may be very badly hit if production costs rise much higher. The same is true of a good deal of book printing. Here the printers concerned are now faced with a problem which has become of significant size only comparatively recently – that of competition from printers on the Continent. Newspaper publication, whether local or national, weekly or daily, is by its nature a protected industry – it cannot be challenged by overseas competition. But a good deal of the rest of the printing industry is becoming much less immune from such competition. Yet all these varied parts of a highly complicated industry have under present arrangements to be forced on to the Procrustes bed of one national agreement. Nor is negotiation made easier by the complicated union structure. Ten unions, some craft, some embracing a whole range of different categories of worker, skilled, semi-skilled and unskilled, are all involved in the same national negotiations, and all, despite their links in the Printing and Kindred Trades Federation, have autonomy.

If the recent stoppage is not to be followed by others in dreary but inevitable succession, what is badly needed during the next two years, before the agreement comes up for review, is a good deal of hard thinking by both sides on whether there would not be a great deal more chance of peace in the industry and of increased efficiency if this monolithic national structure were broken up into smaller and more cohesive negotiating units, for which agreements applicable to their actual conditions could be reached. Many new processes are now ready for big development, among them teletype setting, facsimile transmission, fast etching and mechanical packing. Such innovations are not being used as they should. It is easy to put the blame on restrictive practices. But that is only part of the story. One has to look deeper and find the reason for such practices. And when one does, one discovers that a good many of them, like other problems in the industry, are rooted in a structure of industrial relations altogether too monolithic and inflexible for its purpose.

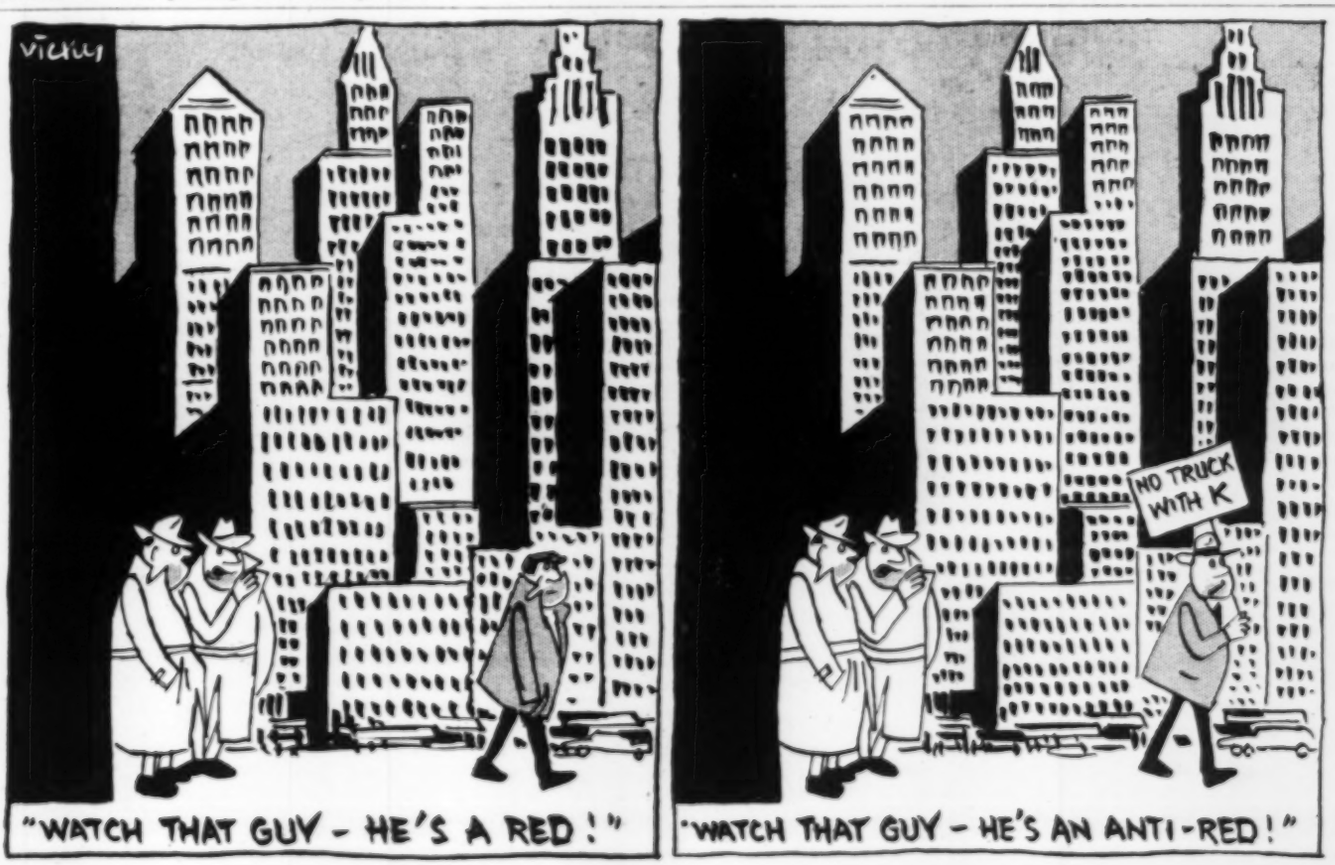
FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Persecuting a Dissenter

WHEN the Nationalists last month banned Mr Ronald Segal, editor of the quarterly *Africa South*, from attending any meetings during the next five years, they set a new precedent in their persecution of their determined opponents. For Mr Segal is the first person to be victimised who is not a member of a political organisation. The outstanding role which he has played in fighting the Nationalists and other white supremacists has been an individual one, and his banning – it will be remembered that he was recently deprived of his passport – is clearly an act of personal persecution. His crime in the government's eyes is probably that he has tried to hit them where it hurts most – in the mind and in the pocket.

His excellent quarterly, which he financed personally for over two years, has achieved an influential readership overseas – especially in this country – and it carries precisely the sort of informed, detailed exposés and analyses to which the Nationalists have no answer. Moreover, in recent months, Mr Segal has espoused the economic boycott which is increasingly worrying the government and the business community. He has, however, been a prominent member of one organisation: the Treason Trial Defence Fund, whose meetings he will now no longer be able to attend. For the 'meetings' from which he has been banned can be construed to include even two persons met together with a common purpose only purely social and religious functions being excluded.

One irony is that this ban has been made under the Suppression of Communism Act; and Mr Segal has, of course, through his journal, an em-



phatically anti-Communist record. Indeed, a glance at the sponsors of *Africa South* – who include, for instance, from outside the Union, Victor Gollancz, Jo Grimond, Father Huddleston, Colin Legum, Arthur Creech Jones, Stephen Spender, Louis Fischer, John Gunther, Martin Luther King, Reinhold Niebuhr, Victor Reuther and Eleanor Roosevelt – is sufficient proof of the magazine's non-Communist foundation. But then it is notorious that the Nationalists' statutory definition of Communism embraces anything and anyone whom they happen to dislike – or whom they fear.

Their victims have no recourse to a court of law. The powers conferred on, and so enthusiastically exercised by, Mr Swart, the Minister of Justice, are arbitrary. He need not, and does not, produce any evidence for his allegations. If he is satisfied that a person was a member of the Communist Party, which the Suppression of Communism Act made illegal, the Minister may 'name' him, appoint a liquidator for his estate, and prohibit him from holding office in specified organisations. Naturally, the passports of such persons are withdrawn, and over 600 people – 235 of them white – have so far been named. But this is not all: as in Mr Segal's case, the Minister can prohibit anyone from attending meetings without naming; and he can, under this and other legislation, confine a person to a given area, which can be as small as the Minister likes to make it. This gives Mr Swart full powers for the setting up of concentration camps.

At least nine named persons are at present confined to Cape Town and Johannesburg, but it is hard to keep track of the far larger number of Africans who have been arbitrarily banished to isolated rural spots by the signature of the Governor-General, acting in the Queen's name and at Mr Swart's behest, under various Native administration acts. These Africans are deliberately banished amongst people whose language they do not speak, and are left indefinitely to fend for themselves on uncultivated land.

Apart from depriving the African Congress movement of its official leaders, the Nationalists have, of course, used the Suppression of Communism Act to break genuine trade unionism: of the 76 union officials named so far, 57 have been ordered to resign from their unions. Mr Segal has so far escaped these more extreme fates, though there can be little doubt that, when the Press Commission, which has been sitting for over six years, finally reports, *Africa South* will be banned too. Being, at 29, a brilliant and resourceful young man, Mr Segal will assuredly find some other way in which he can express his opinions.

His present banning has, however, two especially sinister aspects. Readers of this journal may recall (*NS*, 27 June 1959) that Mr Segal has in recent weeks been receiving threatening telephone calls from a local Ku Klux Klan group, and that his motorcar was set alight. Now he tells us that on the day before he was served with the government's banning order, he received two remarkable phone calls, consisting of what he describes as 'maniacal laughter'. The conclusion that officialdom is conniving at or working through the Ku Klux Klan is difficult to resist.

The nationalists are visibly most disturbed by the growing overseas response to the call for an economic boycott. Mr Segal's persecution may well presage a new phase in their witch-hunt: the picking off of individuals who, though belonging to no political organisation and having not the remotest connection with Communism, have, especially through their writings, a following overseas. The lights of freedom have long been doused inside the Union: now the windows on the outside world are being slammed and shuttered.

Control of the Police

THE fact that Captain Athelstan Popkess resumed his duties as Chief Constable on Monday, after the six weeks' suspension which made an important public issue of his relations with the Watch Committee, is not the end of the affair. Not only must he now complete the remaining five months of his pensionable service in an atmosphere more than ever inimical to police efficiency: his case is being quoted as illustrating an urgent need for a redistribution of local police control.

Reconsider the Nottingham facts first. This go-ahead city, whose council at present comprises 45 Socialists and 22 Conservatives, has for several years been a city of rumours, tension, and political ill-will. One of the main reasons for this is said to be the existence of a 'policy sub-committee' laying down the council's programme. There may be nothing very unusual about this, but it has incurred the deep displeasure of the Conservatives, who maintain that important issues are thereby given their one and only discussion in secret and then steam-rollered through the council meetings. They say, in particular, that the civic theatre scheme – one of the most ambitious examples of modern municipal encouragement for the arts – and the scheme for a municipal planetarium (now, at least for the present, abandoned) were thus decided. Every scrap of information about them, it is said, had to be dragged from the administration by questions in the council chamber.

When a sub-committee went to East Germany last November to inspect a planetarium of the kind proposed for Nottingham, two of them returned with German cameras ('those damned cameras which we didn't want anyway', one of them has since said) presented to them by the burgomaster of Jena. The Chief Constable seems to have thought that this merited inquiry as a possible breach of the Public Bodies Corrupt Practices Act, 1889. The atmosphere for such an inquiry, indeed for such a suspicion, had already been engendered by allegations some two years earlier that one of the councillors concerned had improperly used council labour on a garage and run-way at his house. These allegations were found to be totally untrue, but they left a smear; and the councillor concerned feels that they have never been adequately dealt with. The Chief Constable called in Scotland Yard to make the inquiry about the cameras – which, if the inquiry had to be held at all, was probably the best way of holding it; but he did it just before the municipal elections, an especially potent coincidence, and he refused to tell the council what the Scotland Yard men had reported to him: the council had to be satisfied with a statement that no proceedings were being taken.

In two other matters, the need for more police houses and a proposal to relieve pressure on police manpower by setting up a special corps of traffic control 'wardens', the Chief Constable, the Watch Committee, and the chairman of the council were all on the same side. Both schemes were turned down by the council. When the chairman of the Watch Committee complained that 'influences outside the council' were hampering the work of the Watch Committee, he was told for the first time (he now alleges) that he was no longer its chairman: he had been deposed at a meeting of the policy-making committee.

On 16 July, when the Home Secretary was asked why Captain Popkess had been suspended, he read out the Town Clerk's three reasons: refusal to tell the council what the Scotland Yard men had found out; 'lack of impartiality' in inquiries about officers of the council; and his alleged statement that he was going to ask for a public inquiry. Mr Butler then said that a Chief Constable has a duty to enforce the criminal law, that in doing so he is not subject to control or interference by the local authority, and that the Home Office had heard nothing from Captain Popkess about a public inquiry. Mr Butler gave the Nottingham council a clear indication that they had better reinstate their Chief Constable. It is in this atmosphere that the Council will next meet, for ordinary purposes, on 7 September and will, it may be presumed, hear a succession of personal statements that will qualify once more for the headlines.

Meanwhile, is there anything in all this to support a demand that Watch Committees be given greater – or smaller – power over local police forces? To begin with, this is not the first row, nor will it be the last if the present system continues, with the Watch Committee watching the rates as well as the police, with the police watching politically unpopular councils, and with the Home Office watching for the necessity to withhold the 50 per cent. Exchequer grant and let the ratepayers take it out on their elected representatives. Some of the rows, as in the case of the Chief Constable of St. Helens in 1928, have resulted in inquiries under the Tribunals of Inquiry (Evidence) Act, 1921. More often than not, money is the trouble: the council are more concerned about the rates than the Chief Constable is. In boroughs, moreover, it is more usual than in counties to find a divergence between the politics of the police authority and those of the Chief Constable. (No one would suspect Captain Popkess of being a Socialist.) The money trouble ranges from clashes on the Nottingham scale about police houses and traffic wardens to the rejection – as in Cardiganshire recently – of a police requisition for a copy of *Stone's Justices' Manual*. The political trouble, though much less apparent, is often at the very heart of the dispute, and in a borough it is aggravated by the fact that the Watch Committee is responsible for promotions and punishments. As the Nottingham Watch Committee stated on 30 July, when they reinstated the Chief Constable with their backs to him: 'The Watch Committee is the only authority which has legal powers to appoint police officers, including the Chief Constable, remunerate them, and deal with their pensions, discipline, suspension, promotion and the like'.

There is nothing necessarily dangerous in all this, so long as it is realised (it was obviously overlooked in Nottingham) that a Chief Constable is only administratively beholden to a Town Clerk – that in the duty of law-enforcement his hands are entirely free. And since clashes are certain to occur, it is probably better that they do so locally on a small scale, where they can be fought out without national catastrophe. Their likelihood could be reduced, however, if it were made clearer that a policeman, whatever his rank, is not the servant of the Watch Committee, even though they pay half his wages, promote him, punish him, and dismiss him. He is an independent officer of the Crown.

A remaining lesson to be drawn from the Nottingham affair, in which the Home Office has been unable to do the traditional hand-washing act, is that, although the Home Secretary can always bring a recalcitrant Watch Committee to account when necessary, it could be done more quickly, effectively, discreetly, and painlessly if the system of government inspection were developed to the point of real effectiveness. The brief annual reports by the Inspectors of Constabulary are, in the main, whitewashing documents. There ought to be enough inspectors to keep parliament and the country fully informed about local police work, conditions, and efficiency, so that these storms could be calmed in the tea-cup stage. The prevention of Nottingham episodes is not merely better than their cure. In terms of the damage that they do to individuals, if not to systems, they are incurable.

Iceland Diary

COMMODORE ANDERSON, in charge of British shipping off Iceland, was the most indignantly quoted Englishman in Reykjavik while I was there last week. After threatening to fire 'with all the guns I have' on any Icelandic vessel that tried to enforce the 12-mile limit, he ended: 'Damn the Icelandic gunboats'. That such a bellicose situation could ever exist between Britain and Iceland I could not have imagined when I was there 29 years ago. (Icelanders were celebrating the 1,000th anniversary of the mother of the Mother of Parliaments.) For one thing, they were so British in 1930 that I was vehemently rebuked in the Hotel Borg by an Icelandic student for 'splitting my infinitives'—an error which, he said, was 'not grammar, not logic, not English.' Reykjavik then seemed a very small, almost primitive capital; most of the buildings were made of wood and corrugated iron, and there was very little to buy in the shops. Today, the population has increased from about 30,000 to more than 65,000. In those days, too, I wrote in wonder about a Dane who grew roses in the desert by ingeniously using a nearby hot spring. Today the geysers have been harnessed; they warm the houses and supply them with limitless hot water; and many acres are covered with greenhouses, where one may pluck not only fine tomatoes and flowers but, spectacularly, bunches of bananas. The standard of living must be nearly as high as Sweden's, which puts it not much below that of the United States. All founded on fish? Nearly, since 97 per cent. of the exports are fish, in some form, fresh, frozen, salted or dried. But the competition between American and Soviet cars on the roads bears witness to Iceland's geographic position, just half-way between New York and Moscow. Even the pumps contain Soviet petrol.

* * *

I began with some prejudice against Iceland's unilateral claim to a 12-mile limit. I felt that British good nature (not much in evidence lately) was being imposed upon when I read a pamphlet entitled *British Aggression in Iceland*. Comparing the minute size of Icelandic gunboats with British men-of-war, it tries to make us feel guilty by referring to David and Goliath. But, after all, the fact that Goliath was big did not prove that he was always in the wrong, and 'aggression', which recalls Hitler's attack on Poland, seemed an unwisely propagandist description of our behaviour. We have not occupied Reykjavik and put resisters into concentration camps. A prominent Icelandic journalist told me that he had carefully read the Devlin Report and could see no iota of difference between our behaviour in Nyasaland and Reykjavik! We were treating Iceland as a colony. She won her freedom from Norway, and in 1944 finally threw out the King of Denmark. Denmark had signed away Iceland's fishing rights to foreigners. Now that she was independent, the British were still trying to impose colonial status on her. He regarded the present trouble as Iceland's final battle for national freedom. Surely a hysterical view—and one that neglects that, granted a three-mile convention, it is the duty of any British government to protect British shipping on lawful occasions.

* * *

Then I began to ask about the three-mile limit, only to discover that it is a British myth. Historically, countries have claimed the limit which they thought they could effectively control. One charming definition was 'within bird and whale of a country'. When the British navy ruled the waves, we tried to introduce order out of chaos, but even in the 19th century we were not very successful. We accepted a six-mile limit in the Mediterranean, for instance, and Norway and Sweden got away with four miles. By The Hague decision of 1951 we were compelled to accept Iceland's claim to the four-mile limit, historically exercised by Norway, and we agreed that this limit should be drawn from straight base lines which safeguarded Iceland's much indented coast. When the Russians and other powers declared a 12-mile limit we made no effort to interfere. Some other powers protested at Iceland's decision, but only the British continued to fish within the 12 miles. In 1956 the International Law Commission reported to the General Assembly that 'international law does not permit the extension of territorial seas beyond 12 miles'. This certainly implies that custom now sanctions a 12-mile limitation; and, to quote a British authority, Mr H. A. Smith, emeritus professor of London University, wrote to the *Daily Telegraph* on 30 July saying that at the forthcoming conference at Geneva the British would probably 'not be able to obtain general agreement on any particular figure. The guiding principle should be that every state is entitled to such a width of territorial sea as it might find necessary for the protection of its vital interests'. We are fighting for a myth.

* * *

This, of course, does not mean that the Icelanders were wise to refuse the various compromise offers which Britain made. At the Geneva conference in 1956 Iceland's special position as a country wholly dependent on fish for her exports was generally recognised and Canada led a majority—but not by the necessary two-thirds majority—in support of 12 miles. Iceland might have risked acceptance of Britain's proposal for an interim compromise of six miles. But if we wished to refuse what other interested nations were prepared to accept, was it not enough to demonstrate by escorting our trawlers for a token period and reserving our right for a legal contest? It may be that elections had something to do with intransigence on both sides. No party in Iceland that did not attempt to enforce the 12-mile claim would have much chance at the polls, and both Tories and Labour here were very conscious that there are about half a dozen constituencies where electoral victory would be jeopardised by an apparent surrender of British fishing rights. The results of our strong-arm policy have been, from our point of view, unfortunate. We had been warned. After our acceptance of a four-mile limit British trawler owners were able to prevent Icelandic fish being landed in this country, thereby vastly stimulating Iceland's trade in frozen fish to other countries and reducing both her trade and her friendship with Britain. These considerations do not, of course, dispose of the complex issues about the use of deep sea trawlers, the conservation of fish, and Iceland's claims to control the 'continental shelf'. These must be the subject for a later article.

* * *

Since the British Navy cannot in fact shoot down Icelandic boats, we must, I suppose, in time tire of maintaining our fighting ships in these distant waters. On one superb and cloudless day our party flew in an old Catalina plane used by Iceland's coastal services, over the west coast of Iceland and out over the ice floes to within sight of Greenland. We saw beneath us whales spouting in freedom as well as dead ones lashed to the side of whalers. We also saw, near to Iceland's four-mile limit, groups of British trawlers huddled round a grey British frigate like so many chicken round a hen. There is little fishing in fact to be done in these waters now, but the trawlers are compelled by the owners to spend 48 hours out of a ten-day trip demonstrating their right to be within the 12 miles. How long can we keep this up, I don't know, and whether, if the Geneva conference next year is still inconclusive, the British will maintain this rather unrewarding exercise, no doubt our next Prime Minister will tell us.

* * *

I saw no Americans in Iceland, though I read one protest in the press about Americans forcibly taking one of their citizens out of the hands of the Icelandic police. The Americans have bought a quiet and very exclusive life in Iceland by building a little America round the base that they have retained since the war. In 1955 the Icelandic parliament voted the Americans out of their country, but dropped their demands after the elections. I heard three explanations. The first was a rude British one, that Icelanders changed their minds for the sake of 10 per cent. of their foreign exchange that they get from the American occupation. The second was that the Icelanders were mentally switched westwards by the horrors of Soviet repression in Hungary. The real explanation, I think, is more subtle. It was an electoral manoeuvre. A new Liberation Party was formed with the exclusive policy of ousting the Americans, whereupon the Progressive Party stole its thunder for the purposes of the election, killed the new party and, of course, did nothing about it in the new parliament. Probably Iceland is still far more western than eastern in sympathy. The so-called Communists I met were not stern 'Moscow' Communists, but anti-imperialists who sincerely wanted independence from both Moscow and Washington. But the Foreign Minister frankly admitted in conversation that the British fishery war was increasing the numbers of people in all parties who would like Iceland to quit Nato.

* * *

Judging from the press, nothing seems to have happened in the world while I was away except the discovery that the Queen is to have a baby. It was royally courteous to give Nkrumah advance notice of the postponement of her visit; this will atone for the Queen's failure to be present in person to celebrate Ghanain independence. I recall that last time she had a baby—in 1950—Nkrumah was in a British gaol in Accra. I suppose that the next time she has one, the first person to be informed will be Dr Hastings Banda, who by then of course will be Prime Minister of Nyasaland.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

As a small child out with my father I was watching a Guardsman on duty. As he passed us I said, in childish innocence, 'You've got a muff on your head'. My father reacted angrily. I got a good whack and he said, 'That is the Queen's uniform. Don't you ever dare to say such a thing again'.

I never did.—Letter in *News Chronicle*. (W. Rosenstock.)

Any play that leaves a bad taste or makes one feel embarrassed is a waste of good acting. A story with a happy ending helps one to sleep well.—Letter in *Sunday Post*. (Cunison D. Mathie.)

What is the correct way of removing fresh fruit pips or stones from the mouth?

Close your hand as if you were clenching your fist, but not too tightly, leaving a little hole in the centre. Drop the pips or stones into this hole from your mouth.

Then, holding your hand close to your plate, drop the pips through it and out at the other end.—*Woman*. (Mrs. J. Meltzer.)

I never knew my mother or my grandmother.

But I know from photographs that they were both SWEET women. And I want someone like that as a wife for myself.

Dad says they both blushed at the slightest provocation, so I think sweetness and blushing go together. The trouble is—no matter what you say girls WON'T blush these days.—Letter in *Daily Sketch*. (Joyce Montagu.)

Malaya's Difficult Road

MALAYA'S general election on 19 August—the first since independence—is a reminder of a British commitment now pretty generally forgotten. Not only has Britain a defence treaty with Malaya, and three Commonwealth bases there, but several British battalions are still engaging a rebel remnant in the jungle. Add to this that Malaya's internal stability is poised on a knife-edge because British policy, by importing Chinese and Indian labour, created a precarious inter-racial balance years ago, and it is clear that an obligation rests on this country to continue to help Malaya achieve final stability and racial integration.

The past few months have shown that the two main races, the Malays (49 per cent.), and the Chinese (38 per cent.) have by no means shed their suspicions of one another. Elections held for the legislature of the component states in June gave the great majority of the seats to the ruling all-races 'Alliance' under Tungku Abdul Rahman, which stands for inter-racial harmony based on compromise. But in two mainly Malay-populated states, Kelantan and Trengganu, the Pan-Malayan Islamic Party, extreme and anti-Chinese, won spectacular victories by attacking the Alliance as 'betrayers of the Malay race'. Then came a Chinese reaction. Several Chinese leaders within the Alliance asked that over a third of the Alliance candidates in the coming general election should be Chinese; and, when the Malays refused their request, they hived off from the Alliance. The significance of the 'one-third' was that this proportion in the federal assembly could prevent an alteration of the constitution to the disadvantage of the Chinese. Many Malayan Chinese clearly fear that their recently won constitutional right to easier achievement of citizenship may eventually be swept away in a Malay-controlled legislature. Behind all these recent developments is the rural Malays' fear of total domination by the commercially resourceful Chinese, and on the other side—Chinese apprehensions that the Malays (who compose the police-force and most of the army) will one day try to push them back into permanent political subordination.

If the spirit of tolerance now alive in the ruling Alliance were to continue at the helm and spread throughout Malaya no race would have much to fear. The Alliance has achieved admirable compromises between the racial leaders on many issues: to balance the significant franchise concessions to the Chinese, the Malays have, as the educationally weaker race, retained a privileged quota of places in the university and the civil service; Malay is now the national language and must be taught as a subject in all schools, but Chinese, English and Tamil can continue as the medium of teaching in schools run by members of those races; the constitution contains a declaration against racial discrimination.

Yet these measures do not strike at the root-cause of racial tension—the economic disparity between Malay peasant and Chinese trader. Only through a herculean effort can the Malay agriculturist gain the mental awareness and technical strength needed to raise his standards decisively. Under the Alliance government, peasant co-operatives have been multiplied and agricultural services extended. But, with a population leaping by three per cent. a year, land shortage alone is increasing peasant impoverishment. Surprisingly, the finance allotted to the new Land Development Authority is only a fifth of that for electrification—which assists industry, largely the preserve of the Malayan Chinese. The Alliance government is non-Socialist, and, under it, efforts to help the Malays enter mining and forestry have taken the form of reserving licences for Malays. This most often results in inexperienced Malays simply becoming 'cover-men' for Chinese *entrepreneurs*. A much greater effort in technical training and assistance—probably with state participation—will be needed if the Malays are to succeed and stand on an equal footing with the Chinese in industry and co-operative processing enterprises.

One genuinely non-communal opposition party fighting next week's Malayan elections, the all-races Socialist Front, has concentrated on attacking the largely *laisser faire* economic policy of the Alliance. Its leading personalities are an Indian teacher, D. S. Ramanathan, and a Malay peasant leader, Ahmad Boestaman, an ex-detainee and an orator of considerable ability. At present deficient in organisation, and too much based on English-speaking intellectuals, the Socialist Front, which is putting up 37 candidates in the elections, is nevertheless the best hope of an eventual constructive, alternative non-communal government to that of the Alliance. The other two principal opposition elements, The Pan-Malayan Islamic Party, which is running 58 candidates, is openly Malay-communal and extreme; the People's Progressive Party, led by D. R. Seenivasagam, has won at least one by-election by fomenting the grievances of irreconcilable Chinese elements, particularly in the field of education. Both of these parties, in other words, have been feeding on racial extremism.

Nobody doubts that the multi-racial Alliance will sweep back into office in Malaya as the result of next week's elections. But what matters is how it will use the following four years of power. The Malayan development plan is behind schedule for lack of both finance and skilled personnel. Two-thirds of the British administrators in key positions will have gone by next year; much more needs to be done to mobilise domestic capital in a country where orthodox investment possibilities still fail to attract and where taxation remains low. Above all, a village community-development programme is needed to advance the rural Malays, as well as much more state initiative to promote agricultural and other co-operation.

Whether or not the Alliance can produce such economic solutions, the other essential need is that a strong all-races opposition party shall grow during the next four years. For if political opposition in Malaya becomes polarised at racial extremes the situation by 1963—especially if economic problems remain unsolved—could be dangerous indeed.

DERRICK SINGTON

Ships in the Seventies

AFTER a childhood spent peering shyly into shipyards and docks, I was deflected from my aim to be a naval architect by a member of the profession who put me wise. One ship, he said cruelly, was much like another when you came down to it; and the chance of doing anything original hardly existed, because ideas cost money. Unhappily the advice I had 13 years ago still rings true. In affairs of the sea, Britannia is being ruled by waves of emotion that pass for policy. We depend on ships. A world-wide revolution in building and running them is now beginning. But our shipowners and shipbuilders are still obsessed with 'Sandys's idea of a ship'; our yards are out of date and slow on the job; and the amount of research and development for new hull forms, engines and techniques is ludicrously small.

For some naval architects, things are forward-looking enough. At Saunders-Roe of Cowes, for example, where Bill Crago runs the model-testing tank: there they have been studying hydrofoil boats, which ride out of the sea on stilts supported on underwater 'wings', the much-publicised submarine tanker to be propelled by nuclear power—and the America's Cup yacht. There, too, is the Hovercraft, sitting on slightly compressed air contained by a ring-shaped jet and not nearly as magical as it looks. Another British naval architect, A. C. Hardy, has designed the 100,000-ton cafeteria liner *United Nations*; a Dutch yard is likely to build her for an American financier who wants to halve the transatlantic fare. In sharp contrast to the lump-in-the-throat deliberations in this country about replacing the *Queens*, this is a vigorous move which will postpone the collapse of the ocean passenger trade before air competition. The idea is to carry 8,000 passengers at 35 knots, without poshness.

Couple all this with the successful sea trials of *Dracone*, Cambridge University's nylon barge for oil transport, which rolls up for the return journey, and it may look as if we are preparing energetically for the Seventies. But the Solent is 500 miles from the Clyde.

Besides the American nuclear-driven cargo-liner *Savannah*, launched last month, which shows that ideas certainly cost money, the Soviet nuclear icebreaker *Lenin* is ready for service, economic because of her special duties. After a decade of dithering, the Royal Navy's nuclear submarine *Dreadnought* has recently been laid down at Barrow; she will take an American reactor.

It's not your vote we ask for, it's your *voice*

Speak up against state-owned Steel!

S&L

STEWARTS AND LLOYDS, LIMITED

One of the Largest Manufacturers of Steel Tubes in the World

GLASGOW · BIRMINGHAM · LONDON

Meanwhile, the Admiralty is looking at eight design proposals from British groups for economic nuclear marine propulsion. For the first time, there are signs, in these proposals, that we may get out of the Calder Hall rut, into which our nuclear bomb policy eased us, if only by borrowing on American experience. Certainly, compactness being all-important at sea, we shall have to divert nuclear explosives for the enrichment of marine uranium. There are nasty radiation problems – shielding, waste disposal and the consequences of accidents. Nevertheless, by the Seventies, nuclear power will be an attractive proposition for most large ships.

But even if we go after it in earnest, nuclear power alone will not rescue our shipbuilding industry. It should be viewed along with other new marine engines – notably the free piston engine, ingeniously combining the Diesel principle and the gas turbine. And engines are anyway only a part of the picture.

The biggest obstacle to higher speeds are waves: the waves created by the ship and the waves that buffet her. The magnificent wave that creams from the bows of the fast ship represents an enormous waste of power spent stirring up the ocean. In a fast ship this is far worse than the friction of water swirling past the hull. A speed is reached where wavemaking becomes a barrier, to be breached only by making the ship into one large engine room. The longer a ship is, the greater is the speed she can attain with reasonable effort. That is why, as soon as trade conditions permitted, crude-oil tankers shot up in size until now some are bigger than the *Queen Elizabeth*. This trend will continue as fast as yard and port developments will allow, and will not be confined to tankers. In the Seventies, slender ships twice the length of the *Queen Elizabeth* will probably be common.

But, as ships go faster, so they slam and twist more fiercely in a rough seaway. Only now are researchers making sense of this problem (which they call, rather quaintly, 'seakindliness'). The fact remains, that if ships are to keep full speed in rough weather they will have to be built more stoutly. Meanwhile, weather and wave forecasts can now be used to route ships clear of troubled waters.

The great attraction of pushing merchant ships deep underwater is that they can escape waves, neither making their own nor suffering nature's. Nuclear power plant does not breathe air, so the thing becomes possible. The submarine has the advantage in power-saving only at exceptionally high speeds – say, 50 knots. However, because oil is incompressible and the vessel escapes the weather, a submarine tanker could be built very lightly – not unlike the nylon oil barge. Only the engine and crew spaces would have to withstand the pressure of deep water. Most other cargoes would need pressure-hulls, and general application of the underwater principle is not yet in sight.

There is, however, a strong case for getting on with a submarine tanker, as the Japanese are doing. This is in spite of doubts about the sense of moving oil at great speeds and worries about how to navigate such a craft. The main point is that submarine merchant ships have some sort of future which we cannot afford to ignore. It may be just to fetch oil out of the Arctic, going under the ice like *Nautilus*; or it may be much greater. Anyway, a prototype submarine tanker is easy to justify on strategic grounds alone.

The other way of avoiding waves, but not weather, is to get right out of the water. The hydrofoil boat I have mentioned is no match for the Hovercraft. There seems to be no limit, in principle, to the size of the latter, but probably there will be in practice. By the Seventies, the big question of over or under, the roles of the submarine and the Hovercraft, will be more easily answered. Both will be in service to some extent. But most ships will resemble those at present afloat – indeed ships already ten years old will still be in service. Patterns of trade will change, and the newer ships will be bigger and will have unconventional engines. Yet, superficially they will be recognisable, and it is here that the greatest dangers of complacency arise. For the chief advances of the next decade will be subtle ones.

Science is coming into ships. New concepts are being applied to hull design. Computers are aiding designers and operators. Shipyards can now be regarded as assembly lines like any other, amenable to automation: ships can actually be built on conveyors, and in weeks rather than years. Perhaps most important of all are the developments in cargo-handling, particularly in the use of standard packages which can reduce loading costs by 85 per cent. Nearly all these innovations are taking place overseas, and Britain's barometer continues to fall.

Let us hope that by the Seventies the British government will have begun to take seriously the oceans themselves – if only for the wrong reasons. Sir Frederick Brundrett, Duncan Sandys's science adviser, has called for much more ocean research, because we do not know how we can ever spot Soviet missile-carrying submarines lurking at great depths (which, incidentally makes still greater nonsense of our defence policies). But the oceans are the chief virgin territories left to us, where we shall make rich sea farms and mine the sea-bed. Their exploitation will demand novel types of ships and submarines; and ocean research should produce fresh ideas on ship design and operating.

It is certainly no use being complacent or plaintive about *Lenin* and *Savannah* because they are specially financed. Before the Seventies we need re-invigorated shipbuilding and shipping industries. We also need a progressive state policy for ships, ports and inland transport, taken together. We cannot bide our time and hope, by some technical feat, to overtake the Germans, the Japanese, the Scandinavians and the Americans. We might have done it with nuclear propulsion, and the Hovercraft. But before you can leapfrog you have to be running.

NIGEL CALDER

No Path to Rome

IN the early summer of 1901, Hilaire Belloc made a pilgrimage from Toul, the garrison town where he had passed his military service in the French artillery, to Rome. The rules of his pilgrimage were that he should walk on foot, and in as straight a line as possible between the two towns. In the event, he broke both. He failed to force the great mountain rampart of the Gries, still blocked by late spring snow, crossing the Alps by the Grimsel instead; and in Como, depressed by the cold rain falling endlessly on the soggy Lombardy Plain, he took a train to Milan. But the walk was a stupendous effort, nonetheless, and it gave Belloc his best and most successful book, *The Path to Rome*.

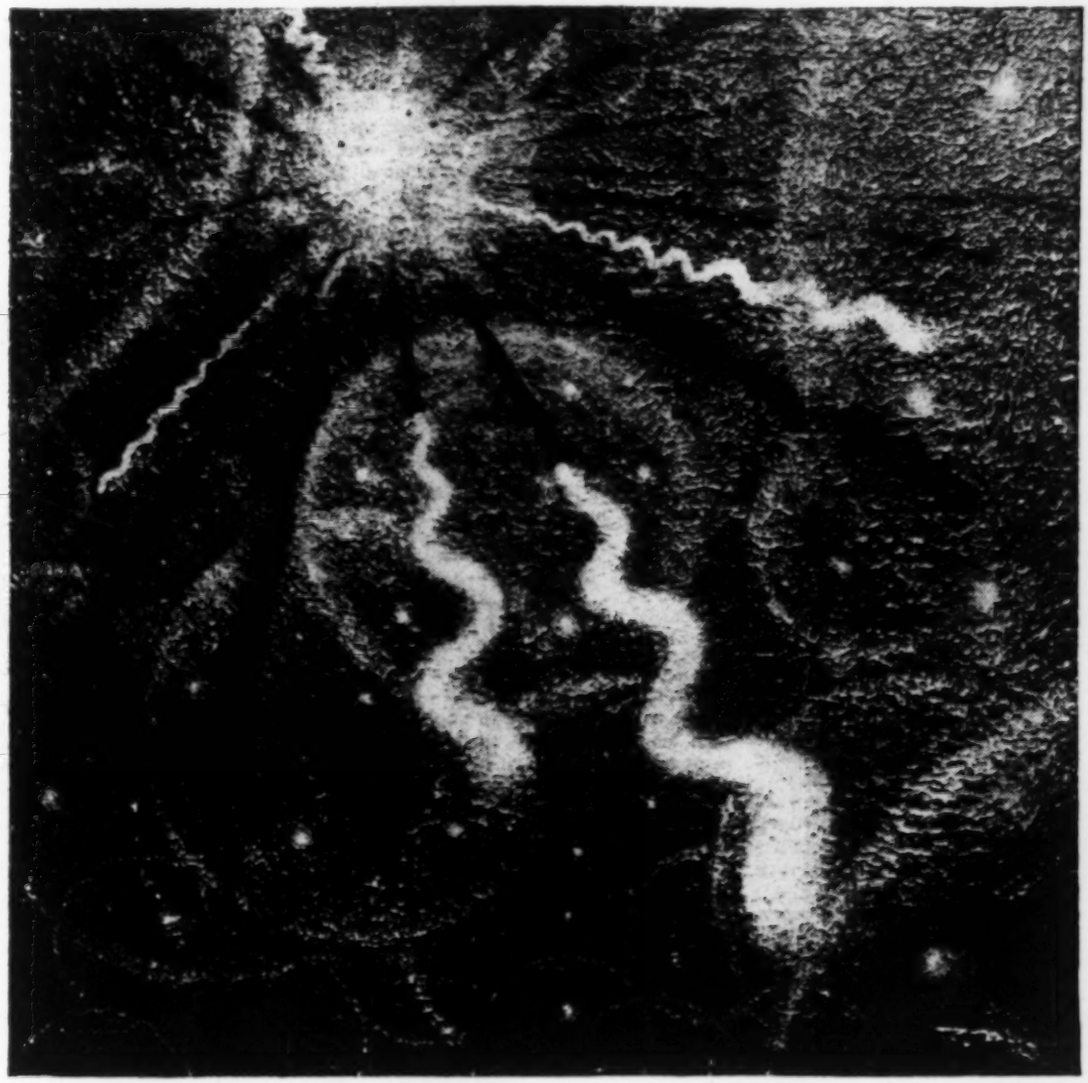
In one respect, this book is more poignant today than when it was written: it catches for us the last flavours of pre-industrial Europe which were still perceptible to Belloc as he tramped along. The narrow, rutted roads, along which trundled only the farm carts and an occasional coach; peasants, dazzled by the sight of a rare stranger, and willing to give him a bed in the hayloft; the gleam in the eye of an innkeeper's wife when Belloc produced a gold coin from his purse; the strongly individual character of each village and region, expressed in dress, manners and speech; the solitude which descended abruptly as soon as the open road was gained – all features of a world that has gone for ever.

Belloc was a poor man and he lived rough. He had only a few sovereigns in his pocket; five more were sent to him when he reached Milan. In Paris, he bought a coat for the journey which cost him seven francs. He lodged for a franc a night, or slept out in the open. A photograph taken in Rome after his arrival shows him dressed in baggy linen trousers and coat, and carrying a tiny haversack, his only luggage (it was usually stuffed with bread, meat and a huge bottle of wine). Yet the peasants thought him a rich man, and at Brienz, on the Swiss frontier, he was able to enjoy what he called 'a magnificent great meal' – six courses, with cognac, vermouth and a cigar – which cost him two shillings and elevenpence.

In 1959 it is quite impossible to repeat Belloc's journey – even if anyone were pious or mad or energetic enough to attempt it. I know this from personal experience. For some years, I have wanted to do a walk on Bellocian scale. Not, of course, from Toul, which has no significance for me (and the eastern French are unlovable now, if not in 1901); or indeed as far as Rome, where I recently spent a disagreeable week while the cardinals bickered over a new pope. But I wanted to cross the Alps on foot, from Geneva to Lugano, and last month I tried to do it.

The difficulties began even before I left London. Belloc's tiny haversack allowed him to stride freely and enjoy the sheer pleasure of walking. But had I landed at Orly dressed and equipped like Belloc, I fear the French authorities would immediately have sent me back to London as a dangerous vagrant. Encumbrances are now essential to legality. Instead, therefore, I had a large and respectable rucksack, which soon became full. Pyjamas, dressing-gowns, endless changes of shirts and underclothes now seem indispensable and evoke suspicion if they are absent. I had, like Belloc, a huge pair of boots; but I also felt I should take a pair of shoes, to wear in the evenings – otherwise I should seem a freak. Shaving and toilet things, too, now seem to take up a lot of room; and there was also a sleeping-bag, for to sleep under a hedge without one, as Belloc did, is nowadays to court arrest by wandering police patrols. The result was that my rucksack weighed 25 pounds on the BEA scales. It is not as if I am unduly comfort-loving or sensitive to the suspicious glances of foreigners: the tiniest boy-scout tramping on the continent (mostly by train) is weighed down beneath no less. So walking becomes, if not an agony, a labour.

But this would not have mattered, if there had been anywhere to walk. At Geneva, the road along the lake is jammed by traffic at all hours of the day, the view obscured by hideous villas, hoardings and dull trees, mass-produced to protect the privacy of rich Swiss. Despairing of this, I took the paddle-steamer to Montreux, deciding to start from there. And so I did, walking out of the suburbs along the hot metallic road, with the temperature in the nineties (Belloc complained of the unseasonable cold, but he was



"X-Rays" by Ray Nicholas

The Inquiring Rays

The value of medical X-rays in diagnosis is incalculable. Over 25,000,000 pictures are made every year, each revealing to expert eyes otherwise hidden internal conditions.

Elaborate precautions are taken to ensure that patients and staff suffer no ill effects. Apparatus and X-ray tubes are designed to prevent unwanted radiation exceeding the recommendations of the International Commission on Radiological Protection.

Even so, continuous research is undertaken to widen the safety margin still further. From the Mullard Laboratories there now comes an outstanding development in the shape of two new X-ray tubes which reduce 'off-beam' radiation to only one-tenth of the recommended maximum level. This is far below that of previous tubes, so low, in fact, as to be a quite insignificant component of X-ray dosage.

These 'Guardian' tubes, as they are known, are as efficient as they are safe. They are new and powerful weapons in man's unceasing fight against disease.

Mullard

Technical Information Services *Mullard Technical Information Services cover almost every field of electronics. If you have an applications problem, write to the address below.*

Progress in Electronics

Mullard

Mullard Ltd., Technical Information Services, Mullard House, Torrington Place, London, W.C.1

probably lucky). I thought I would strike open country soon, but the suburbs merely changed into an endless perspective of villas, hotels, motels, cafés, camping-sites, garages, all hugging the road. Moreover, it was impossible to leave the road. The old paths by the Rhône are now blocked by cement-factories and curious industrial structures, electric fences, barbed wire, walls, hedges without gates and minatory notices.

Confined thus to the main road, I had to endure the torture of the motor-car. One passed me, I calculated, every four seconds, and after half an hour, claustrophobia set in, and soon my mind began to dwell on savage hate-fantasies against cars. This, I found, was reciprocated. I was the only walker on the road. Those in the cars clearly regarded me as insane. As they passed, they goggled at me through the windows. But bewilderment was not their only or main emotion: there was also dislike. To them, I suppose, I was an exception to what they regard as the universal and natural desire of mankind to ride in cars at great speed, and therefore challenged the principle on which their view of happiness is based. Some made obscene gestures at me through the windows; others uttered taunts in half a dozen languages; a few hurled empty cigarette packets and other refuse. It was the *sans-culottes* pelting the carriages of the nobles – in reverse.

Soon, mere discomfort changed to a growing sense of danger. The road is probably no wider than in Belloc's day – though it is as straight as an arrow, with perfect vision. I hugged the side desperately, but there was no path on which to walk, merely the rim of a ditch, littered with road-mending materials and the broken pieces of cars. The flow of traffic hurtled past, sometimes missing me by a margin of less than a foot. The English were the most courteous, so far as their skill would allow them, veering away from me in wide arcs which brought them on to the wrong side of the road and led to angry exchanges with other drivers. The French were relentless, never deviating from course no matter how near they passed. The Italians were positively hostile, hunting me along the road, to see how close they could get without actually killing me.

After I had walked for five hours, one of these Italian cars, which had passed me by a mere six inches, stopped abruptly 20 yards ahead, reversed, and drew level. I assumed it was about to offer me a lift, and was thinking up some polite form of refusal, when the driver, his huge face red with outrage, leaned out of the window and shouted: 'It's people like you who make the roads dangerous!'

My resolution never really survived that first awful day. True, I walked for long stretches; but for most of the distance, ordinary prudence forced me to take trains or buses – to walk over the Simplon, for instance, is to invite an accident. As I descended into Italy, the stupefaction of the inhabitants at my desire to travel on foot deepened. One afternoon, I walked down the splendid Cannobina Valley which leads to Lake Maggiore. There were few cars; for once walking became a delight. At six, I paused for a drink at a tiny wayside inn only a few miles from my destination, and talked to two of the locals. One of them said to me sympathetically: 'You know, you think you'll save a lot of money by walking, but you won't. First, there's the shoe-leather – and those boots of yours look expensive. Then, you get hot and have to stop for drinks like this. It all mounts up.'

'But I'm not trying to save money by walking,' I said. His sympathy changed to bewilderment.

'Then why not take the bus?'

'Come, come,' I tried to joke, 'you're talking like a bus-driver.'

'I *am* a bus-driver,' he said proudly. 'My bus is parked round the back of the inn, and what's more, I'll give you a free lift down to the lake.' My refusal left him puzzled and, I fear, hurt.

So I failed, as I think even Belloc must have failed. There is no longer a path to Rome. And with it have vanished all the incidental delights which made his pilgrimage so rich. There is no variety. The hotels are as alike as the petrol stations. You drink the same mineral water from one end of the Alps to the other: its name screams out from every vacant space, even from the sky, where aeroplanes trace it out in white smoke. Many of the local wines have gone to earth: often, one must make do with synthetic Chianti. The speech is uniform – innkeeper's English, mainly about money. And almost all forms of human activity centre around the car. It – and not mankind – has inherited the earth.

Walking, even under adversity, stimulates thought. My own reflections, as I finished my journey, were gloomy. Europe is growing steadily richer. Socialism has not come to pass, but some of its promises are being fulfilled. Even in Italy – which could, only a few years ago, be classified as an under-developed country – the subsistence level is disappearing. Machines which once seemed hopeless luxuries are now within the reach of the majority. And the chief of them is the car, which has become the symbol not only of prosperity but of happiness itself. Many of the evil little cars which hunted me in the Rhône Valley were owned by workers; next year, there will be hundreds of thousands more. And as they increase, they are relentlessly destroying everything worth doing or seeing. The workers, scrambling on to the middle-class plateau of enjoyment, find that it has lost all its distinctive features. The disturbing – or perhaps comforting – thing is that they do not care a damn. I have never seen so many happy people.

PAUL JOHNSON

The Arts and Entertainment

Thought is Comprehensive

RICHARD BUCKMINSTER FULLER is a man of peace who cares about the condition of mankind. He has done so much more to implement his ideas than almost any other single person that his name ought to be known to every man of goodwill – yet the *Observer* got it wrong and the *Listener* can't spell 'geodesic', the adjective that has made him famous.

Geodesic describes the class of geometry with which he designs his spectacular domes – the most famous is the 'Golden Orange' of the US exhibition in Moscow. Others serve as air-liftable accommodation for the US marines, house DEW-line radar, banks, restaurants, auditoria, exhibitions in all parts of the globe (two big domes are more or less permanently on the road in India), shelter swimming pools, and so it goes. Bucky Fuller easily heads the Better-Mousetrap league in structures, and Mr K is among those reported to be beating a path to his door.

But he is more than a man with a gimmick. Elegant and simple as the domes appear, the structural ingenuity in the use of materials (pressed steel, folded cardboard, magnesium) is breathtaking, the mathematics obviously daunting. But a great mind for maths is not the same thing as a great mind, period, and Fuller is certainly one of the latter, though hard to compare with other great minds.

He is hard to compare because he is hard to classify. Koestler's Yogi-Commissar categories cover most of the great botherers about mankind that the Old World has produced, but Fuller, proceeding from abstract thought to pieces of tangible, purchasable domestic equipment (domes to live in, cars to drive, bathrooms to wash in) can't be bullied into this classification even as a third force. He belongs to an entirely different way of thinking about men and their world.

For instance, unlike most reformers, he seems prepared to see his ideas come to pass under a consumer-orientated capitalism – the big commercial domes can be bought more or less off-the-peg; an earlier project, the Wichita house, would have gone into mass-production but for the post-war financial panic. This is not likely to cut much ice with European do-gooders, and Fuller increases the area of misunderstanding by being a comfortably successful business man, with a useful income from a world-wide empire of patents.

Though he is now a prophet with profit, as well as honour, in his own country at the age of 64, he has had a long enough journey getting there. The basic structure of his ideas goes back to 1917, but it was in 1927 that he decided to go neck or nothing on his 'Dymaxion' philosophy of salvation through economy of effort. In spite of some well-publicised experiments and journalism, the next twenty years appear to have been lean going, until the domes sprung him into the architectural limelight as one of the three or four great form-givers of our time.

Unfortunately the giving and taking of forms was not accompanied by an equal interest in his frame of mind, and that frame of mind is a real connoisseur job. His primary interest is in flogging the development of domestic shelter and equipment along at the highest speed technology will support. But he is not all rationalism and humanitarianism – he doesn't command the hypocrisy necessary to keep it up twenty-four hours a day. Dating from the wilderness years is a compensatory project known as the 'Finishing School' – a touring circus of oddballs that would descend on culture-seeking towns and, in his own phrase, just about finish everything. Another one off the same bush was the slightly apocryphal 'Obnoxico', whose proposed products were to include telescopic, rose-embossed, plastic steeples for sale to Southern Baptists.

The sure base of his determination that something can be done for the human race, starting with the '800,000,000 doomed to premature death arising from . . . the housing problem', is ultimately what he termed, on his last visit to London 'a growing confidence in the Universe'. He was giving us a run-down on religion – the Socratic role sits well on his squat figure and bullet head – beginning with the way his New England aunts urged him when young to believe this, that and the other. None of that made consistent sense to him then, but the laws of physics have impressed him since as utterly reliable – he flipped a coin in the air and watched it fall back, observing with considerable satisfaction

A brisk recap on one of today's vital topics

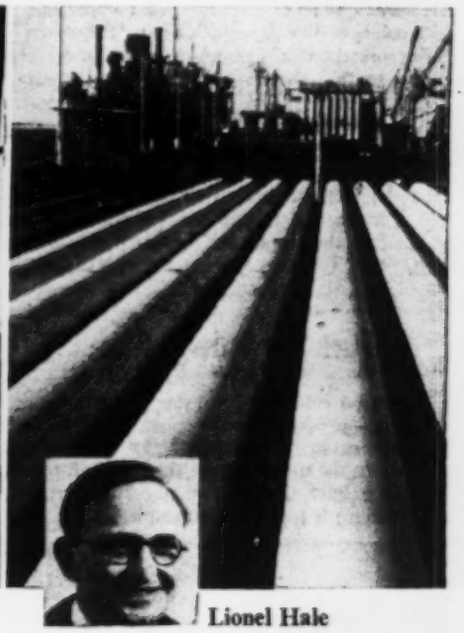
Everyone agrees one thing about Steel: it matters. Here, to keep you in the picture, are extracts from what five independent journalists have written about it in this series

F. H. Happold

INDUSTRIAL JOURNALIST: "Britain needs the accumulated wisdom and diverse abilities of every one of her 300 and more steel companies. Without their ready, informal co-operation with steel users, industrial progress would grind to a halt."

Graham Hutton

AUTHOR AND ECONOMIST: "Demand for steel is advancing. Atomic power stations; fly-over road junctions; equipment for the world's industries; our own industries — all clamour for steel. To meet this challenge, the Steel Industry has planned to raise steel output by another third."



Lionel Hale

JOURNALIST, PLAYWRIGHT, BROADCASTER, wrote of "a curious air of calm and order . . . the strongest and cheapest alloy in the world . . . the beginnings of bridges that span far-off rivers, of razor blades, of railway networks, of your garden fence, or of a pipeline to be run across an eastern desert."

Trevor Evans

DAILY EXPRESS INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT, wrote of "a remarkable record of internal peace . . . What can be wrong with an industry which commands the energy and loyalty of a lifetime's service from men of such pride and skill?"

J. Stubbs Walker

SCIENTIFIC JOURNALIST: "The steel laboratories are among the most advanced in industry . . . Behind the brawny violence there is a refined understanding of the meaning of milligrams, of the precise control of temperatures."

These reports were published by the British Iron & Steel Federation so that everyone in Britain should know the facts about Steel

'I've never known the Universe be caught out'.

Bucky Fuller is a man for whom the material world exists – only he, relativistically, would call it the world of energy. But this belief was capped by another in which his Transcendental aunt, an associate of Emerson, must have some influence – observing that we can make in our heads calculations embracing the Universe, he capped the infallibility of physics with 'thought must be somehow comprehensive to energy'.

But this is where we came in. Geodesic domes are handsome physical facts, also means to humane ends. Also, for him, triumphs of pure thought. Thinking is his basic tool for getting things done, which is probably why his is most characteristic at its extremes – acute compression, as in coinages like 'Dymaxion' or 'Tensegrity' which represent whole philosophies; or immense dilution, so that thought-processes move slowly enough to isolate each concept as it passes. Though, in public speech, he applies these techniques to philosophical and social issues, they are the verbal equivalents of the extremes of his mathematics – the thought that builds the domes is, in a sense, the mirror twin of the thought that predicts their necessity.

REYNER BANHAM

That Evening Sun

IT is a sound rule in the theatre that excellence is inversely proportional to tears shed; that is, the bigger the catch in your throat as the curtain comes down the more suspect the play will seem half-an-hour later. On this account *A Raisin in the Sun* (Adelphi) is highly questionable. At the end of it the handkerchiefs were out in force and the audience, though they elbowed each other as savagely as usual through the doors, were speechless. True enough, Miss Lorraine Hansberry's play has most of the ingredients of the classic tear-jerker: a poor but honest family on the wrong side of the tracks; a benevolent despot of an Old Mum; her ageing son who is eating his and his wife's heart out for lack of an opportunity in life; his pert kid sister who goes to medical school and has a couple of admirers in tow, one intellectual, one rich. There is also a large insurance cheque, most of which the son is promptly conned out of. More than that, the dialogue is occasionally as predictable as the situations: the mother hands the cash over to her son with the words, 'It isn't very much, but it's all I got in the world'. He, presumably, passed it on to the con man murmuring, 'Take it, it was my mother's'.

Yet, although *Raisin in the Sun* occasionally slips over into triteness, it makes an extraordinarily compelling evening's theatre – which shows once again, I suppose, the degree to which drama is an extra-literary activity. As a play it may be patchy, but as a vehicle for the actors it is superb. One reason is that a powerful rhetoric comes naturally to Miss Hansberry. This puts her in a rather small club of writers, most of the other members of which are Celts. But with a difference: the rhetoric of a talented Negro writer always gives you the impression that it is about something, which is certainly not true of the Irish or the Welsh. Miss Hansberry has more than a gift of the gab; she also has a great deal to say on questions that deeply concern her. So her rhetoric is not just colourful; it has a natural dignity, which presumably has something to do with the fact that the rhythms and diction of passionate Negro speech come straight from the Bible. The language is felt and meant to a degree where it can afford to be simple. Finally, Miss Hansberry's characters continually talk about the subjects which concern all Negroes: the jobs they can get, the areas they can live in, the strategies by which their pride is preserved or undermined, the problem of assimilation and racial independence. This means that the otherwise nice, rather sentimental family life, with its humdrum quarrels, ambitions and pieties, is continually strengthened by outside loyalties and outside hatreds.

It also means that the coloured actors have a chance to act out their feelings on these subjects. 'What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, That he should weep for her?' The answer, on this occasion, was clear. And the actors made one feel this, often to the point of discomfort. When Earle Hyman delivered his tirade against the hypocrisy of the whites in their trafficking with Negroes, he did so across the footlights, directly *at* the audience. He needed no Method to make this speech ring true.

But resentments and credos apart, Mr Hyman gave an excellent performance. However much he sympathised with the son, he managed to endow him with the necessary unpleasantness; he made no attempt to soften the nerves, self-pity and edgy dissatisfaction. And when in the end he did retrieve his pride, he made it seem just as knife-edged an affair as his earlier tantrums. His rather brittle vigour was a perfect foil to Juanita Moore's Mama. Miss Moore had to cope with most of the play's clichés. But she is an actress of so beautifully dignified a simplicity that she carried the bad lines as effortlessly as the good. The best moment in the play was, it seems, entirely her creation when, after the financial tragedy breaks, she sits down very slowly, shaking her head and murmuring 'Mm-mm, mm-mm'. I had always thought this ability to create a whole world of experience out of a mere gesture was the exclusive prerogative of Anna Magnani. Kim Hamilton, as the wife, was as tired and depressed as was needed, though her performance was slightly hampered by a fixed smile which glowed through everything, like the dial of Big Ben on a stormy night. Olga James, as the kid sister, gave a vigorous show of teenage temperament, and John Adan was peculiarly unselfconscious as the child of the family. Lloyd Richards, the director, was so strict in maintaining the pace and so imaginative in using every dramatic opportunity that it's a pity he was not a little tougher with the platitudes in the text.

The Youth Theatre's *Hamlet* (Queen's) was unusual in being almost entirely without theories. And that, in these days, takes some doing. Michael Croft produced the tragedy on a stage that was completely bare except for steps, half a dozen pillars at the back and a couple of chairs moved on and off as required. Scene and atmosphere were set by imaginative grouping and some particularly subtle lighting. The text, too, was as stripped down as the stage. Mr Croft's main concern was to get his actors to speak their lines clearly; an ominous little note in the programme announced that 'the young actor who lacks team sense is not given much encouragement'. The result was a limited but extraordinarily definite *Hamlet*, intelligent, plain and with some good verse speaking by Neil Stacy as Polonius, Kenneth Farrington as Claudius and Peter March as the Ghost. But Richard Hampton had a more difficult job as Hamlet. He has a fine clarity and range of expression – though his occasional falsettos hardly added much. But the

Take a hand of tobacco leaf...

bind the leaves tight with sail cord . . .
store in a cool cellar for weeks . . . unbind
and cut into thin slices . . . rub a
slice between your hands and smell . . .
ah, that rich, full-flavoured aroma tells
you it is matured. . . ready for your pipe
and the most truly satisfying smoke
you've ever had.

What's that? You haven't the ingredients handy? Don't worry. You can buy tobacco, made from this 60 year old recipe, in a 1-oz tin, sealed to keep fresh, at any tobacconist for 5/0½d. Just ask for

Player's *Navy Cut* De LUXE

NCT 108G

terrible inward intensity of the part – where the emotion, said Eliot, 'is in excess of the facts as they appear' – was denied him. The Hamlet who is simply one of the team is just a decent young man upset by things and involved willy-nilly in a conventional revenge tragedy, whereas Shakespeare's Hamlet is baffled to the point of self-destruction. After all, 'To be or not to be' is more than a famous set speech; it is the soliloquy of a man contemplating suicide. Perhaps Mr Croft insisted on restraint above all because he was afraid of a Hamlet who might be all poses and adolescent self-pity. But Mr Hampton performed what was asked of him so intelligently that it would have been interesting to see what he could have done if allowed, literally, his head.

A. ALVAREZ

Travellin' All Alone

BILLIE HOLIDAY died a few weeks ago. I have been unable until now to write about her, but since she will survive many who receive longer obituaries, a short delay in one small appreciation will not harm her or us. When she died we – the musicians, critics, all who were ever transfixed by the most heart-rending voice of the past generation – grieved bitterly. There was no reason to. Few people pursued self-destruction more wholeheartedly than she, and when the pursuit was at an end, at the age of forty-four, she had turned herself into a physical and artistic wreck. Some of us tried gallantly to pretend otherwise, taking comfort in the occasional moments when she still sounded like a ravaged echo of her greatness. Others had not even the heart to see and listen any more. We preferred to stay home and, if old and lucky enough to own the incomparable records of her hey-day from 1937 to 1946, many of which are not even available on British LP, to recreate those coarse-textured, sinuous, sensual and unbearably sad noises which give her a sure corner of immortality. Her physical death called, if anything, for relief rather than sorrow. What sort of middle age would she have faced without the voice to earn money for her drinks and fixes, without the looks – and in her day she was hauntingly beautiful – to attract the men she needed, without business sense, without anything but the disinterested worship of ageing men who had heard and seen her in her glory?

And yet, irrational though it is, our grief expressed Billie Holiday's art, that of a woman for whom one must be sorry. The great blues-singers, to whom she may be justly compared, played their game from strength. Lionesses, though often wounded or at bay (did not Bessie Smith call herself 'a tiger, ready to jump'?), their tragic equivalents were Cleopatra and Phaedra; Billie's was an embittered Ophelia. She was the Puccini heroine among blues-singers, or rather among jazz-singers, for though she sang a cabaret version of the blues incomparably, her natural idiom was the pop song. Her unique achievement was to have twisted this into a genuine expression of the major passions by means of a total disregard of its sugary tunes, or indeed of any tune other than her own few delicately crying elongated notes, phrased like Bessie Smith or Louis Armstrong in sack-cloth, sung in a thin, gritty, haunting voice whose natural mood was an unresigned and voluptuous welcome for the pains of love. Nobody has sung, or will sing, Bess's songs from *Porgy* as she did. It was this combination of bitterness and physical submission, as of someone lying still while watching his legs being am-

Do you agree about Granada Plays? Do you remember "Shadow of a Pale Horse" which was shown on August 4th. Critics were mostly favourable, though not all. But in nearly all cases there was a strong reaction.

'Bruce Stewart, a 32-year-old Australian actor-dramatist made an explosive entry into British TV last night.'—Daily Herald

'A fine cast and brilliant production made a persuasive parable of "Shadow of a Pale Horse," on Independent Television last night, despite a plot that was unhelpful at times.'—Daily Telegraph

'ITV's "Shadow of a Pale Horse," written by Australian Bruce Stewart, was the first adult "Western" I have seen on television... This, as a first TV play, was outstanding in its dramatic explanation that justice belongs to the strong in heart. It was all television demands—absolute conflict—and no doubt will make a name for Stewart.'—Daily Mirror

'On its, by cinematic standards at least, fairly conventional level the piece worked well enough.'—The Times.

'I'll remember ITV's "Shadow of a Pale Horse" as one of the most remarkable first plays ever produced on TV.'—Star.

'Bruce Stewart, a 32-year-old Australian who came to Britain three years ago to try his luck as an actor, made a searing impact on TV last night—as a playwright. His "Shadow of a Pale Horse" came to the small screen raw and stark and boosted to power-house intensity by the cameras handled by Granada's brilliant young director Silvio Narizzano'.—Daily Express.

'A powerful chunk of drama, but as perverse as I have seen.'—News Chronicle.

And what about this new play (on Friday night), "The Queen's Corporal" by Graeme Kent? Do you agree with the press criticisms?

N.B.

Coming Granada Plays

THE YOUNGER GENERATION by Stanley Houghton. Tuesday, September 1, 8.30 p.m.

THE SILK PURSE by Clive Exton. Friday, September 11, 9 p.m.

THE CRUCIBLE by Arthur Miller. Tuesday, September 29, 8.30 p.m.

GRANADA TV

putated, which gives such a blood-curdling quality to her *Strange Fruit*, the anti-lynching poem which she turned into an unforgettable art song. (I need hardly say that this superb record, with its companion blues *Fine and Mellow*, is not available on British discs.) Suffering was her profession; but she did not accept it.

Little need be said about her horrifying life, which she described with emotional, though hardly with factual, truth in her autobiography *Lady Sings the Blues*. After an adolescence in which self-respect was measured by a girl's insistence on picking up the coins thrown to her by clients with her hands, she was plainly beyond help. She did not lack it, for she had the flair and scrupulous honesty of John Hammond to launch her, the best musicians of the Thirties to accompany her – notably Teddy Wilson, Frankie Newton and Lester Young – the boundless devotion of all serious connoisseurs, and much public success. It was too late to arrest a career of systematic embittered self-immolation. To be born with both beauty and self-respect in the Negro ghetto of Baltimore in 1915 was too much of a handicap, even without rape at the age of ten and drug-addiction in her teens. But while she destroyed herself, she sang, unmelodious, profound and heartbreaking. It is impossible not to weep for her, or not to hate the world which made her what she was.

Her death leaves little space for the accumulated batch of records. The *avant-garde* brings us the Jazz Messengers with Thelonius Monk (London), which is consistently interesting; more than can be said for London's Charles Mingus, *The Clown*, which has it *longueurs*, and a pretentious words-cum-jazz track, but deserves respect. I am frankly unable to see anything except a mess in Miles Davis's *Porgy and Bess* (Fontana); his little Philips EP (BBE 12266), though not the peak, is more acceptable. Historians will welcome the cheap Camden *Metronome All-Star Bands*, which mirrors public taste from 1939 to 1949; non-denominationalists the old-fashioned romantic *Blue Saxophones* of Hawkins and Webster (Columbia) and above all the marvellous Camden reissue of Lionel Hampton (*Jivin' the Vibes*): classical jazz of 1937-9 vintage at its best, played by masters. Hampton (with Peterson, Brown and Rich) is still in splendid form on the 1954 vintage *The High and Mighty* (Columbia). Blues, Gospel and Folk enthusiasts ought all to buy the indispensable reissue of Rosetta Tharpe's *Gospel Train* (Brunswick), which contains the ecstatic duets with Marie Knight, and ought to pay attention to a talented cowboy singer *Ramblin' Jack Elliott in London* (Brunswick). Elliott also records for Topic. Lastly, collectors anxious to build up a library at low cost should note the numerous EP reissues by Philips (Bessie Smith, King Oliver, Earl Hines), and the Fontana 'Sounds of Jazz' series (Ellington, Basie, Giuffre, Herbie Mann, the more interesting Jay and Kai, and especially George Wettling and Bud Freeman). The neglected Chicagoans also re-create their Hemingway music of 1927 on Parlophone's McKenzie and Condon, while an immortal cornet shines through the surrounding mists on the four Fontana EP records of *The Legendary Bix*.

FRANCIS NEWTON

"Tell me, where is fancy bred?"

SHAKESPEARE, who knew so much, failed to furnish a satisfactory answer. Extraordinary. Fancy bread (it would be pedantic to retain the Bard's quaint Elizabethan spelling) is in any good baker's. In *delicious* variety.

Ordinary bread gets rather neglected by the poets. Where is the Ode to the Cottage Loaf? How wrong they are, though. Bread is easily the most important staple food we eat.

The most recent Domestic Food Consumption report* says bread and flour provide more energy, more protein, more iron and more of the two important vitamins B_1 and niacin, *than any other single food.*

Penny for penny, bread is the best food value you can buy.

* *National Food Survey Committee Report*, 1956 (Page 133) *published by H.M.S.O.*
In 1956, bread and flour provided, in the average diet, 24.7% of the energy; 26.3% of the protein; 26.9% of the Vitamin B_1; 24.2% of the niacin; 23% of the iron.

Note:—*All flour contains—per 100 grams of flour:* Vitamin B_1—*not less than* 0.24 *milligrams.* Niacin—*not less than* 1.60 *milligrams.* Iron—*not less than* 1.65 *milligrams.*

ISSUED BY THE FLOUR ADVISORY BUREAU, 21 ARLINGTON STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

Kindheart and Coronet

IT may be that *The Scapegoat* (Empire) was unsatisfactory from the start, and that you can't force a subtle morality out of plush melodrama. This is what Robert Hamer has tried to do with a Daphne du Maurier novel. There are hints, especially at the beginning, that something more is involved than an incredible case of a man meeting his double and taking his place, of murder placed on the wrong shoulders and striking back at the murderer. The unwilling usurper is an unfulfilled teacher of French on holiday; the Machiavellian double, with a crashing business and a hated wife, wishes to escape the consequences of over-fulfilment. Each would be other than he is, as indeed is true of most of us, but we never meet our identical. And if we did, would we behave as this quiet little lost teacher does? Would *he*? When he finds himself, having been drugged, in the clothes of the wicked French aristocrat, does he at once struggle free and tootle on his Morris Minor to sunnier skies? Not a bit. He takes the situation in hand, provides his 'mother' with drugs, treats his 'wife' with a kindness new to her, saves his 'daughter' from morbid martyrdom, saves his 'business', and falls in love with a mistress, the only one to see through him.

All this would be quite incredible if it weren't for Sir Alec Guinness at his most plausible. Of course he plays both parts, teacher and aristocrat; and insinuates possibility where there's none. These two even (for the sake of the plot) have to have identical voices. The assumptions seem far too many for anything except comedy – which this isn't; and since the whole thing started with the aristocrat inveigling Good Man into his shoes, it should have ended with his having – a murder charge over his head – to take the teacher's place in a redbrick university. But the film has to abide by its melodrama, with such doppelganger touches as it can manage to slip in.

This is a fine summer for comedy, and *Taxi* (by-passing the West End and now circuiting) brings back Louis de Funès as, presumably, a clown now acceptable to the British. The holiday atmosphere, of a family packing into a caravan drawn by an old taxi, eagerly correlates adventure with misadventure. The taxi has to scrape out of an archway, the caravan has to be attached, there's plenty of luggage on the roof to fall off, and usually during these happenings a hand of cards is going on inside or someone's trying to pour coffee into a cup. Family life must go on: that is the burden of all such ritual excursions, and deep in the countryside cows will be waiting to charge, and at the frontier the customs officer will surprise such secrets as the suitcase stuffed with socks. These may, incidentally, contain smuggled tobacco. A diamond will get slipped into an old sport's coat by a beautiful stranger. But the family's the thing, and not jewel thieves, and the more this film sticks to the first, and only brings in the second as an excuse, the better it is. Louis de Funès, a shade less crackling than as Blaireau, holds our laughter and affection with a deceptively easy charm. He is a tongue-tied Groucho. His rapid blink is a sort of wisecrack; and the film has some first-rate moments – particularly when the cardplayers in the caravan, on a high mountain road, look through the peep-hole at the driving seat to find it empty.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Dramatic Clash

THE 'turnover' of plays on British television is enormous. At present there are seven or eight each week on the two channels. This means some 400 plays a year – not serials or series or half-hour fillers but real, self-contained plays, some adapted from the theatre but many new (and most of them never seen again). It is a staggering demand: no wonder the supply varies so widely in quality.

Tuesday is the prestige night for plays. On that night both the BBC and ITV show some of their most important productions – the *World Theatre* series, for instance. To viewers who like good plays it is the more annoying that on so many Tuesdays there should be a clash, or at least an overlap, between the two productions. Recently, to name only a few, ITV's *Play of the Week* has overlapped with the BBC's *School for Scandal* (whose rival was Pinero's *Dandy Dick!*), *Volpone*, and Pirandello's *Henry IV*. On 23 June, many who might have enjoyed the BBC's *Spindrift* (a play about a Scottish fishing-village by Naomi Mitchison and Denis Macintosh) may have felt that they oughtn't to miss Anouilh's *Wild Bird* on ITV: both began at 8.30 and ended at 10.

I say 'many', not necessarily the majority. This familiar complaint is sometimes laughed off as a mere critics' grievance, not shared by 'the average viewer'. But the average viewer does like plays. They do not score so high a rating as an international football match or *Wagon Train*, but the commercial boys call them 'strong' programmes. How 'strong' they are depends on the play; and this in turn means that the average viewer (who may never have seen a stage-play in his life) will be learning fairly quickly to discriminate between plays and playwrights. I do not suggest that he broods seriously over the problem of choosing, or rejecting, Anouilh, or that he will have been acutely distressed not to be able, last Tuesday, to see the whole of ITV's *The Boy from the Gorbals* and the whole of the BBC's *Brand*. But it is unfortunate that he should not have the chance of seeing what may be, on a good Tuesday, the two best plays of the week.

Collisions of TV programmes of the same type are not so common as one sometimes feels them

to be. There are a few obvious ones – two musical 'spectaculars' on Saturday night, *About Religion* and *Meeting Point* on Sunday at 7, the lamented *Oh, Boy!* and *6.5*. But other plays don't clash. Indeed, on the next most important night for drama after Tuesday – Sunday, a 'natural' night for a play – those who like plays can see two, since ITV's *Armchair Theatre* does not start until 10.5. But the fact that, if you analyse the programme schedules as a whole, you find so few clashes makes the Tuesday-night clash the more conspicuous and the more puzzling: one is forced to the conclusion that it is deliberate. After all, if the timing of either of two comparable competing programmes – say *Panorama* and *This Week* – were revised so that they coincided, the clash would be so manifestly absurd that there would be a row and someone would knock somebodies' heads together. No machinery for formal consultation exists, but it is surely up to the ITV people to do something about it, since the BBC have been doing plays on a Tuesday since before ITV began and the mid-week ITV play, which has been on Wednesday for more than two years, was moved to Tuesday only last December. I am glad, therefore, to learn that talks which may lead to a change began this week; I hope that a sensible decision will be taken.

Of the last two Tuesdays' plays, the first half-hour (all I could see) of *Mine Own Executioner* was too straight and static an adaptation of the novel; it was impossible to switch back to it once *Shadow of a Pale Horse* had begun. Patrick McGoohan's versatility was shown by the contrast between his performance in this Australian 'Western' and his overwhelmingly powerful Brand – Moses, Savonarola, and Mr Pontifex in one.

TOM DRIBERG

Correspondence

INDIAN NATIONAL ARMY

SIR,—In *Books in General* in your issue of 1 August 1959, Mr Kingsley Martin refers to 'the tragic story' of the Indian National Army. He says: 'The British, faced with the perplexing problem of discipline, muddled their treatment of the INA survivors and executed some who had committed atrocious acts'.

During World War II the Japanese sent, by submarine and by parachute, a number of members of the INA into India on sabotage and espionage missions. Nine of these men were tried by court martial and executed. After the defeat of the Japanese in 1945 some 40,000 members of the INA surrendered to the Allies. Of these, 18 in all were put on trial; and none was executed. Three former regular officers of the Indian Army, who – as voluntarily and with as full a realisation of what they were doing as any British regular officer – had taken their oath of allegiance, were found guilty of waging war against the King-Emperor; two of them were also found guilty of murder and abetment of murder. They were sentenced to be cashiered and to transportation for life.

The Commander-in-Chief in India, General (now Field-Marshal) Sir Claude Auchinleck, immediately commuted the second part of the sentences on all three. They served no terms of imprisonment, and were certainly not executed.

There were 15 other former members of the INA who were tried and sentenced by duly appointed courts martial. One of these, a Subadar, was found guilty on three counts of murder and two of atrocious cruelty: he received the sternest sentence of all – 14 years' rigorous imprisonment. One other, a Captain Burhanuddin of the Baluch Regiment, was sentenced to seven years' rigorous imprisonment, having been convicted of murder. This officer tried to persuade an Indian prisoner of war, named Teja Singh that he ought to join the INA. Teja Singh resisted Captain Burhanuddin's blandishments. He was, by Burhanuddin's orders, placed on a table, his wrists were tied to a rope eight feet from the ground, the table was removed, and he was beaten by 120 men until he died.

If we are to put what Mr Kingsley Martin calls 'the tragic story' of the INA into perspective, we might, I suggest, get the facts straight. They have been public knowledge for years.

May I ask Mr Kingsley Martin these direct questions: Does he consider the conduct which I have described merely a 'perplexing problem of discipline'? Will he now admit that not one of the post-war survivors of the INA was executed, however atrocious the acts he was proved to have committed? Does he agree that however much the British may have 'muddled their treatment' of the INA, the muddle was on the side of leniency rather than vindictiveness?

JOHN CONNELL

[Kingsley Martin writes: 'The answers to my friend John Connell's questions are (1) that the British were confronted by 'a perplexing problem of discipline' as he will discover if he reads *The Springing Tiger*. (2) That I made a silly slip in saying that some who were condemned for atrocities were executed and (3) that the muddle was certainly on the side of leniency – always my opinion'. – Ed., *NS*]

SIR,—In his review of *The Springing Tiger*, Kingsley Martin says: 'But they were not deeply persuaded and many of them were clearly unhappy at deserting the British flag under which they had been trained to fight'.

On the contrary, from the books written by INA personnel, it appears that they were perfectly happy and willing to join the INA. At the time of the Japanese advances in Burma, Indian soldiers, in many cases, were left to their fates while the British soldiers were given priority for evacuation. Before Netaji Bose formed the Free Indian government in

SHELL

COUNTY GUIDES

Edited by John Betjeman

SHROPSHIRE . . . . . John Piper & John Betjeman
OXFORDSHIRE . . . . . John Piper
GLOUCESTERSHIRE . . . . . Anthony West & David Verey
DEVONSHIRE . . . . . Brian Watson
NORTHUMBERLAND . . . . . Thomas Sharp
HEREFORDSHIRE . . . . . David Verey
THE WEST COAST OF SCOTLAND . . . . . Stephen Bone
POCKET PILOT FOR THE SOUTH COAST . . K. Adlard Coles
WILTSHIRE . . . . . The late Robert Byron & David Verey
NORFOLK . . . . . Wilhelmine Harrod & The Rev. C. F. L. Linnell

From all booksellers at 12/6 each

Published by Faber & Faber Ltd

Singapore, an Indian revolutionary, R. B. Bose (no relative) was trying to form an Indian army from those disillusioned and disgusted Indian soldiers, and invited Netaji Bose to take the lead. He wanted to liberate India from British rule (I suppose that is not a crime – or is it, after Nyasaland?) but not, as he says, as a Führer. The people who knew him very well can challenge the reviewer's statement.

Whether Britain believes it or not Indians believe that the INA definitely played a major role in India's independence. The revolt of the navy in 1946 is an example. The misgivings about Netaji Bose were recently discussed in an Indian journal, *Desh*. If Mr Martin cares to read some of the books written by INA personnel, perhaps he would change his mind.

G. P. ROY

50 Gordon Road, W5

THE PLANNERS IN ABERDARE

SIR, – Anyone purporting to describe the rumpus over Aberdare's disastrous Town Plan without mentioning the word 'compensation' is either disingenuous or deluded. We are touched by the persistent efforts of visiting Counter-Attackers to depict us as a community of working-class aesthetes resisting subtopian outrage, and feel only respect for Ian Nairn and his ideals; the fact is, however, that of 17,000 objectors to the plan, at least 16,500 of us were chiefly disturbed at the time by the economic straits in which the plan would have landed owner-occupiers. They would, so we were advised, have been asked to pay high council rents while still deeply in debt to building societies for vanished houses compensated for at site value only. True, neighbourhood roots go deep, and most women would resist eviction from the houses they own even if fully compensated; but not one in 50 would fail to jump at the chance of a nice new council house for her daughter.

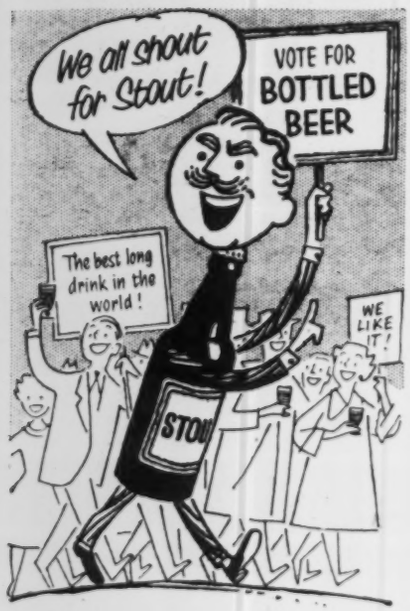
Such statements as '700 Trecynon houses will be pulled down' . . . 'the streets will no longer be places where children can play' are heartrending but untrue. Everyone must by now realise, and Ralph Samuel certainly knows, that whatever the outcome of the enquiry, none of this is going to happen. The battle he is fighting was won long ago. No one except the Aberdare Council can demolish a single house, and they explained last year that they have neither the intention nor (heaven knows) the resources to do more than plod along like any other urban district, mopping up and replacing the worst pockets of slum property as finances permit. The position now is that while the houses are happily out of danger, the Labour Party is on the ropes after an unparalleled rough-housing, its majority already down to three; and Protectionists, though swept into office on a genuinely popular tide, are beginning to tread the all-too-predictable path of any electoral group dedicated to ousting Socialists and pledged to anti-planning. They have never claimed to be the defenders of the countryside pictured in last week's article; 'encroachments' proposed by private enterprise spark off no protests whatsoever.

Perhaps it is unrealistic to expect anyone outside the town to feel concerned about this, especially when, as was pointed out, the parliamentary seat is not threatened. Certainly life would be simpler if there were fixed political levels below which involvement could not reasonably be required of us. But the Labour movement was built from the bottom and can rather easily be eaten away from the bottom unless we admit some share of ultimate responsibility for such setbacks and join in the long uphill task of trying to pick up the pieces. It is not purely parochial to wish that Socialists at least would now, after two years, leave us in peace to do this, and resist the recurring temptation to unearth enthusiastically distorted versions of the episode for fashioning into bogus 'symbols' for the lamp-post commandos.

ELAINE MORGAN

Noddfa
Abernant, Aberdare

BIG BEER ELECTION



NEXT TIME IT'S YOUR SHOUT – make it a stout. Or a brown ale. Or a light. Because Bottled Beer is bubbling over with enthusiasm to serve you. Bottled Beer knows the answers to all those pressing questions of the day like "What's yours?", "What are you having?" and "Care for the Other Half?"

When they're voting in your Local for the best long drink in the world – give your vote to *Bottled* Beer!

ISSUED BY HALF OF THE BREWERS' SOCIETY, 42 PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

LABOUR IN THE UNIVERSITIES

SIR, – I feel I must answer Mr Lipton's comments on the small membership of Labour Clubs in the 'provincial' universities. Glasgow Labour Club has a membership of 250 and can attract the same number to an open meeting addressed by a local MP. Numbers of over 400 will come to meetings with 'top-line' speakers. Surely they are not wasting their time, in this instance!

We may be exceptional in size and we may also be different in regard to Mr Lipton's two other criticisms – the poor methods of recruitment and the lack of conversion. By a system perhaps peculiar to our university every student, when enrolling, must run a gauntlet of club canvassing, in which the Labour Club, like the five other political clubs – Conservative, Liberal, Nationalist, Independent Socialist and Distributist – is prominent. Every student enrolling is canvassed at least once.

We also concentrate nearly all our activity on conversion – on presenting Labour policy, not dissecting it. Political discussion among the converted is subordinate, as it should be.

Undoubtedly we are assisted by the prominence of politics in Glasgow. An extremely popular and successful parliamentary debating system puts politics and political clubs in the limelight of student affairs. An interest strong enough to maintain six political clubs – one without a national counterpart – helps the Labour Club with the rest and puts a new orientation on our activities. In a healthy rivalry, we are publicists, more conscious of the opposition and their possible conversion than in our own divergences.

This attitude may have its faults. But is it not the case that far too many Labour Clubs are more concerned with the future of Socialism 50 years hence than with the pressing task of educating the mass of students in the current policies of the Labour Party? Neither a university secretary nor a secretary to write the spurious correspondence of the variously titled Nalso officials will solve a problem inherent in the clubs themselves.

Last year our club ran a series of four meetings on consecutive days designed to publicise *The Future Labour Offers You*, and addressed by three local MPs and a lecturer. Average attendance was 250, and 400 pamphlets were sold. Students were interested in the ideas of a future government. It also gives MPs the opportunity to put over Labour policy on a better level than the average election meeting.

Co-operation with the local constituencies and the regional office is extremely valuable. We get considerable help from the Scottish Labour Party who, for example, give us paid canvassing. We have also gained the right to send two delegates (at the present non-voting) to the Scottish Labour Party Conference.

Next year we hope to run a week-end school at which Labour Club members can meet the younger party members from the constituencies.

To vary the routine of club meetings, we hold lunches with guest speakers and hold joint meetings with the Tory Club.

The key to renewed activity in the universities is effort on the part of lazy Labour Clubs – not help from above. One thing, though, might be useful. A national tour of universities by one prominent speaker could easily be arranged, perhaps by Nalso, even without their secretary.

JOHN SMITH
Chairman

Glasgow University Labour Club
University Avenue, W2

POLITICS IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

SIR, – Mr McIntosh, in a letter published in your issue of 25 July, draws attention to the apathy with which politics are regarded in many public schools. Two years ago two other boys and myself, and later a master, were discussing this problem with reference to our own school.

At the outset we decided that the school debating society was unsuitable for any discussion of politics. There must be some more informal arrangement. Also the apathy of most of the boys was rooted in ignorance. We did not want to form a society to preach to the converted, which is what a (Kent) School's Left Club would be. To transmute this base apathy into interest, we also had to remember that any interest must be rooted in facts. We reformed a 'Parliamentary Society' (first started by the boy Asquith a century ago), which invites speakers from all parties down to the school. Each boy can therefore form his own opinion based on facts, which is often different from his preconceived opinion rooted in catch-phrases and prejudice. We found, for example, that an apologia for Conservatve foreign policy by a parliamentary under-secretary led to a larger exodus from Tory thinking than a dozen Labour talks. Our audiences (from fifth and sixth forms only) have numbered from 40-100, which does not smack of gross apathy

We are fortunate in being only 10 minutes from the House of Commons, but even so I should like to thank Members of Parliament from all parties for their willingness in visiting the school. If there are any other public schools who would like to have joint meetings with us I should be pleased to hear from them.

J. B. LIGHTSTONE

City of London School,
Victoria Embankment, EC4.

PASSAGE TO NOTTING HILL

SIR, – As one who has lived in Jamaica and studied and written about conditions there, may I be allowed to question some of the assumptions in 'Passage to Notting Hill', and the ensuing correspondence? Dr Cohen overestimates the benefits brought to the island by the development of bauxite; these certainly include increased revenues, but not greatly increased employment; and much of the passage money to Notting Hill, at least between 1955 and 1957, was the result of the sale of small land-holdings to bauxite companies. A dangerous state of affairs is clearly set down by Dr Cohen: 'The Rocky Roaders have not in-

creased their production of food at all in the last seven years'—'The Rocky Roaders are selling their foodstuffs at double the prices for which they sold them seven years ago'. These foodstuffs are the staples of all Jamaicans, the majority of whom were earning in 1955 between 30 and 40 shillings a week, when they could get work; wages for women, who generally have to support the children, were lower even than that. I have not heard of any increase in wages to match the increase in the price of foodstuffs; while some Jamaicans are doing well out of bauxite and tourism, the cost of living is soaring and further depressing the lot of those who have no land and only intermittent work.

I have before me a copy of the *Daily Gleaner* of 20 June this year, which records speeches by the Vice-Principal of the University College, and the Bishop of Kingston, calling attention in the legislature to what the Bishop calls 'the appalling social conditions which exist on the outskirts of southern and western Kingston'. These Kingston slums are among the most shocking I know, and I have seen those of South, Central and East Africa. The same edition of the *Gleaner* reports a speech by Miss Edith Clarke, a native of Jamaica, and a distinguished anthropologist, which gives the other side of the picture from that of your correspondent Mr Robertson; she says 'the situation in Jamaica where a couple without even living together will bring children into the world without accepting dual responsibility for them, is unique in the history of the world', and again 'there is no such thing as common-law marriage in Jamaica. If there was, the law of the country would recognise that the man has a responsibility for the woman and the woman to the man, but there is no law which makes him responsible for her'.

It is the better-off and better educated Jamaicans who emigrate, but they do so because the general conditions of poverty and insecurity among their own people drive them to escape.

MONA MACMILLAN

Edgecliffe
The Scores
St. Andrews

AFRICAN BEER HALLS

SIR,—E. M. Binyon, writing in your issue of 18 July 1959, is from an African point of view optimistic about the uses to which our Beer Hall Profits are used. Only one-third is being used to finance social services for Africans. The remainder is put into a special account for housing and provision of water, sanitation, lighting or road services.

Here in Pretoria this account has accumulated to £429,981. Now our City Council has decided on a sewerage system for Vlakfontein, one of our locations. This will be done on a loan from the above account and a more or less similar amount from the Services Levy Fund. The latter fund is made up from monies paid by employers of Africans, 3s. per week per employee, in fact part of the African's real wage. Monthly payments included in the rentals of location residents will repay the loan plus interest.

Is there any other town in the world where the poorest part of the town pays for its own sewerage system, which after all is a general preventive health measure?

Verily, we here in Pretoria suffer from financial apartheid.

N. M. M. PIJPER

276 Clark Street
Pretoria

SCOTTISH LAW

SIR,—May I, a member of 'one of the oldest, closest and most powerful trade unions that exist', practising my profession on one of the Inner Hebrides, comment on Mrs Naomi Mitchison's article 'The Writ'?

Mrs Mitchison alleges that the the writ is, by design of my profession, couched in such 'daft' language that the recipient must run for help to another member of my profession. Now the Extracts from an Initial Writ in the Sheriff Court, which she quotes, are not in language used at the whim of my profession. They are the wording laid down in the Sheriff Courts (Scotland) Act, 1907, as amended by the Sheriff Courts (Scotland) Act, 1913; both Acts passed by Parliament. Perhaps Mrs Mitchison will use her good influences with her husband, who is a member both of the House of Commons, and of a similar 'old, close and powerful' trade union across the border, to take steps to have an offending statute amended?

In her penultimate paragraph Mrs Mitchison contradicts what she writes in her first. Far from flying to his solicitor for help, the Highlander (like the Lowlander) is inclined to shut his eyes and allow Decree to pass against him in absence, whereas he may have had a complete answer if he had taken the necessary steps.

Only after steps have been taken to enforce the decree does he fly to his solicitor for help—sometimes when it is too late; often when the cost of putting things right will be out of all proportion to the question at issue. Lawyers are like doctors; the sooner troubles are taken to them, the better for the client, or the patient as the case may be.

C. C. LEARMOUTH

Bowmore
Isle of Islay
Argyll

FABIANS AND THE HEALTH SERVICE

SIR,—A few days after I wrote to you about the part played by Fabians in working out details of a national health service, a very interesting confirmation was brought to light. The Socialist Medical Association was preceded by the State Medical Service Association which held its inaugural meeting on 26 July 1912 at Liverpool. Its minute book has long been in the possession of Mr Somerville Hastings, FRCS, MP, who recently asked the SMA to preserve it.

I find that on 28 November 1912 Mr Sidney Webb attended a meeting specially called to hear his views on the constitution of a Board of Health and whether the service should be centrally administered or put in the hands of the local authorities. The report is brief but indicates that Webb visualised a two-tier service, centrally planned but locally administered by authorities of 20,000 inhabitants. At a meeting on 5 February 1913 Mr Webb was appointed a vice-president of the Association and there is no mention in the minutes that he ever changed his views or ceased to hold that office.

D. STARK MURRAY
President

Socialist Medical Association

UNION OF DEMOCRATIC CONTROL

SIR,—The Union of Democratic Control will celebrate the 45th Anniversary of its foundation in November this year. It is our intention to arrange a small exhibition of the UDC's work throughout those years to coincide with our annual general meeting in November.

There must be many of your readers who have been at one time or another connected with the UDC, and who may have letters or documents which they would lend us for the occasion. We should also welcome them at the exhibition.

May we ask them to contact us and let us know what documents, etc., they can lend us?

AUDREY JUPP
Secretary

The Union of Democratic Control
13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8

FRAUD ON THE POOR

SIR,—Mr Edward Hyams is obviously one of those people who believes that a spoon whittled out of the nearest tree must be a much more desirable article than one made in a factory simply because it has taken so much more trouble to produce. Never have all classes had such beautiful fabric, well designed furniture, and kitchen and table ware as they have today. Never were women more tastefully dressed in luxurious clothes at modest prices.

As for food, butter comes from milk and is no worse for having been produced in large quantities, probably better; and if people who buy cat-fish are happier if the fishmonger calls it rock-salmon, no one is the worse for that.

I would recommend your contributor and his wife to pay a visit to the Design Centre, Haymarket, followed by a few shopping excursions in this country where they will see many more exciting things than can be found in the villages of the Grand Canary.

They might also learn that nylon shirts have changed since 1939.

H. E. STOKES

Wilton Road, Beaconsfield

WALTER BAGEHOT

SIR,—I am preparing a collected edition of the works of Walter Bagehot for publication. I am most anxious to obtain any letters or papers of Walter Bagehot which may be in private possession. If any of your readers would be kind enough to send these to me, they will be copied and promptly returned. I am especially concerned with the private papers of Walter Bagehot which were collected at his house, Herd's Hill in Somerset, until the Thirties, but which have since vanished without trace. If any of your readers knows what happened to these papers on the death of Mrs Russell Barrington, Walter Bagehot's sister-in-law, I should be grateful if they would communicate with me.

NORMAN ST JOHN-STEVAS

The Economist
22 Ryder St, SW1

BIG BEER ELECTION

ALL HANDS TO THE BEER PUMPS! Now is the time for all men of goodwill to stand shoulder to shoulder at the bar—and call for *Draught* Beer. We'll soon have our opponents over the barrel! When the Beer Election's on in *your* Local, let's have a record poll. And a record vote for *Draught*!

ISSUED BY HALF OF THE BREWERS' SOCIETY, 42 PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

BOOKS IN GENERAL

'...let graceless zealots fight'

In 63 B.C., with bridges and battering-rams, Pompey broke into Jerusalem. His great enemy, King Mithridates, was dead, and he had leisure to turn aside to this strange capital of an obstinate theocracy on the fringes of the empire. So the walls of the Temple were breached, the officiating priests slaughtered, and pagan eyes looked upon the Holy of Holies. Only the Treasure, 2000 talents, remained untouched: untouched till Pompey's fellow-triumvir Crassus, ten years later, had need of it. For once the process had begun there was no stopping it; and Pompey had begun it. A hundred years before, when another great secular empire, the Greek empire of Syria, had sought to civilise this petty Tibet, brigand-chiefs had sprung up in glorious defence of circumcision and pigless sacrifice. Now the Hasmonaean priest-kings of Judaea, the last descendants of the Maccabees, faced the same crisis, but faced it differently. By inviting the conquerors in, they began a new era of Jewish history: an era as full of barbarism and religion as any recorded in the Pentateuch or the Book of Kings: an era which would end in the final sack of town and temple, the conversion of Jerusalem into Aelia Capitolina, a heathen city.

As in all great tragedies, there was irony too. The Hasmonaean kings had stirred up sectarian strife, Sadducees against Pharisees, which would be exploited against them; they had built grim fortresses among rocks and ravines – Masada, Machaerus, Hyrcanium – which would be the strength of their supplanters; and by forcing Judaism on their conquered neighbours they had raised up the architect of their ruin. For it was out of the forcibly converted Idumaea, the old Edom, that the subtle, masterful usurper would arise to transform their kingdom, Herod the Great. When Herod died, 'eaten by worms', in the same year in which Christ was born, he had reigned, as mayor of the palace or as king, for over forty years. Outwardly, he had preserved Judaea. The kingdom was as large as ever before, its peace had been kept, and so had its religion. Had not Herod himself first spared, then rebuilt the Temple? Had not the two most eminent of the Sanhedrin supported him (the others, who had not, he had duly murdered)? By his usurpation he had saved that Jewish identity which the heirs of the Maccabees were no longer willing or able to defend.

And yet, at what price? The price, of course, was a Roman protectorate. To the favour of the rapidly changing masters in Rome – Pompey, Caesar, Cassius, Antony, Augustus – Herod had sacrificed everything except his own power. He had destroyed the old dynasty, root and branch, reduced the Sanhedrin and the High Priesthood into dependence, murdered his rivals, his wife, his sons, and had left Judaea, politically at least, a Hellenised, Romanised, personal monarchy. The heir of the Maccabees was protected by a bodyguard of 400 Gauls, the spoils of Cleopatra. His new cities, and those of his descendants, proved his loyalty: Antonia, Caesarea, Agrippeum, Herodium, Livia, Tiberias. Even the new Temple at Jerusalem was surmounted by Roman eagles; and Herod's last act was to burn alive, as 'desecrators of the Temple', those enthusiasts who, on a premature report of his death, had pulled down these emblems of its subjection.

For another century the Herodian dynasty ruled in Palestine, fitfully, precariously, at the mercy of Rome, liable, on an imperial whim, to sudden deposition, exile in the West, or new windfall kingdoms. But what went on beneath their rule? Accident has made the Jewish life of that time peculiarly vivid to us. Pharisees and Sadducees, high-priests and Sanhedrin, Antipas and Agrippa, Roman procurators and Jewish messiahs, we see them all – sharply, if unjustly – through the narrow eyes of apostles and evangelists in a tiny sect. It is as if we were to see the Cromwellian revolution entirely through the eyes of the first Quakers. Nevertheless, it is a living picture, more memorable than any historical reconstruction; and it covers the whole century in which Rome wrestled with Judaea. The generation of Christ and his apostles looked back in memory to the reign of Herod the Great: they looked forward, in prophecy or fear, to the sack of the Temple.

For always that fear is there: always that prophecy breaks through. It is the voice of the Zealots, the harsh, foreboding, fanatical voice which has been heard so often since, and the more often because of its origin in Zion: the voice of those illiterate, depressed, desperate men who see the ideal society, the primitive truth, the nation or 'the people of God', quietly and comfortably surrendered by the rich, the sophisticated, the heathen without or within the gates. Such, in history, has been the voice of the Bohemian Taborites, the German Anabaptists, the English Sects; and the models of them all, their examples in heroism, barbarism and vocabulary, were the Jewish Zealots, the radical heirs of Hebrew messianism. Such men arose, in particular, in primitive, puritan Galilee, the still un-hellenised fortress of the faith. Above them they saw the triple hierarchy of Rome, the Herodians, and a corrupted priestly caste. Under it, and around them, they saw a world of outcasts, peasants and poor, despised and resentful: a world which any wandering Messiah might win, whether, like Jesus of Galilee, for the Law or, like Judas of Galilee, the first Zealot, for revolution.

In the end they were won for revolution. Christianity was carried abroad, to the quietist poor of completely conquered lands: in Judaea, the relics of freedom and Roman provocation gave power to the Zealots. And there was plenty of provocation. Pilate set up as Caesar's images in Jerusalem; Caligula sought to paganise the Temple; finally, in A.D. 66, came the provocation, trivial in itself, of the Roman governor Florus, which united against him all the forces of religious, national and social revolt. In Jerusalem the Zealots seized power and massacred both the Romans and the rich; when the Roman governor of Syria appeared with an army, they threw the Jewish advocates of peace over the walls; and when the Romans withdrew without a fight, they declared the independence of Judaea and struck revolutionary coins. It was the signal for the Jewish – and the anti-Jewish – crusade. Throughout the cosmopolitan Levant there was communal slaughter: in Alexandria and Caesarea Egyptians and Greeks massacred the Jews. But in Jerusalem and Galilee, the centres of racial and religious purity, there was Jewish defiance: the war of independence had begun.

The Jewish revolt lasted four years, and outlasted four Roman emperors. From a national it quickly became a civil and social war. Everywhere the Zealots seized control, murdered the rich and the peacemakers, brought in terrible allies – Idumaean bandits, desperate *sicarii* or assassins, who had already become the plague of the crowded streets – and in their last, inaccessible strongholds, the same strongholds which Herod had fortified, held out to the end, pitiless to others and to themselves. It was a war of extermination and within every resisting city there was a reign of terror. To the Jews it was ultimately disastrous. Those whom the Zealots spared the Romans destroyed. Across deserts, up mountains, battering-rams and bridges were brought: no distance, no difficulty could thwart those patient, irresistible military termites. In the end, after terrible slaughter and famine, Jerusalem fell. The Temple was destroyed, its priests massacred, its treasures shipped off to Rome. The revolutionary leaders, if they had not been thrown from the city walls by their former friends were thrown from the Tarpeian rock in Rome. Their followers, having graced the imperial triumph, were sent to the slave-gangs or pitted against wild beasts in the arena. And after Jerusalem, the last rock-fortresses of the Dead Sea witnessed similar scenes: mass-butchery at Machaerus, where John the Baptist had been murdered, mass-suicide at Masada, impregnable among its precipices. Nowhere did the Romans better justify the grim words of Tacitus: they make a desolation and call it peace.

From this dreadful holocaust one man at least survived and flourished. Joseph ben Matthias* was a philosopher of royal and priestly descent. He had tasted the learning of Greeks and Jews and had dwelt both among the Essenes of the Dead Sea wilderness and in the modern comforts of imperial Rome. In the early days, when the revolt was still national, he had been appointed to a high post in Galilee, but had soon fallen out with the Zealot leader, John of Gishala; and when Galilee had been conquered, these two men, the aristocrat and the Zealot, had escaped from the smouldering ruins of separate towns, by ways equally adventurous, to different destinations. John went to Jerusalem, to become the fanatical leader of resistance, Joseph to the Roman camp, to advise the general, Vespasian. In the end their fates were different too. John was executed in a Roman dungeon. Joseph won the favour of Vespasian, both as general and as emperor, and following him to Rome witnessed his triumph, adopted his

* *Josephus. The Jewish War.* Translated with an Introduction by G. A. Williamson. *Penguin Books.* 5s.

family name, and, as Flavius Josephus, sitting in the Flavian palace, a pensioner of the Flavian emperor, set out to be the Jewish Thucydides. He would give the world the whole history of Judaea and Rome, from the time of the Maccabees to the last disastrous war, in which he, like the Athenian admiral, had played a part, and had learned, in exile (of a sort), that objectivity which consists in seeing the other side. The 'other side', of course, was the Roman side. The Zealot side this unphilosophical aristocrat never saw.

Because of what Mr Williamson calls 'his unspeakable act of desertion', Josephus has had few friends, particularly among Jewish professors made comfortable, like himself, in Western chairs. Even his present translator, who renders his history into plain, disagreeably vulgar English, never ventures a foot-note except to sneer at his author. For did not Josephus prefer survival to suicide, both national and personal? Did he not write under the inspiration of the conqueror? Did he not (like Thucydides) invent speeches? Was he not (like Livy) absurdly credulous? Are not his figures (as with all ancient writers) seldom reliable?

No doubt, no doubt. . . . But I must confess that I cannot see quite so much ill in a man who, while outraged by Roman blunders, saw no point in a suicidal war under the rule of a hostile party. Josephus was a consistent member of the Jewish peace-party, who were not necessarily cowards or traitors: most of them were murdered for their views. Even the censorious Graetz, who has no good word for Josephus, is loud in praise of such men as Hillel, the original prophet of the party, and of Jochanan ben Zakkai, the 'heir to his mind', who, having failed to persuade the Zealots to surrender, contrived to be smuggled out of Jerusalem, to the Roman lines, in a coffin, and become thereafter the re-founder of Sanhedrin. This, it seems, was not desertion. Josephus, even in Rome, remained loyal to Jewry: he wrote to vindicate the Jews against Greek and Roman anti-Semites. Perhaps he did not cling to all the bizarre superstitions of his race; but what of that? Perhaps, with this scepticism there was also credulity; but what of Mr Williamson, who will swallow everything provided it is in the Gospels? Josephus was neither more treacherous nor more barbarous than the Zealots. He failed – but so did they. As for his *History* – of course he is no Thucydides: Thucydides, as well as his mavellous profundity, had the prudence not to try to explain his own failure. But let us be grateful and not bite the hand that feeds us. Where would we be without Josephus? It is something to see the history of Judaea from Herod to Titus otherwise than through the worm-eyes of evangelists; and the narrative of Josephus, says the best English scholar who has edited it, though suspicious where his own acts are concerned, 'as a whole, cannot but be accepted as trustworthy'. For a dark, dramatic century he is our only continuous guide.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

Variations on an Infant Theme

I

'I love you and I love me.'
So you chanted at the age of three,
Happily truthful then
And effortlessly wise
As never you'll be again
Till, one more graduate in the school of lies,
You choose the dangerous descent
More difficult by far
Than the same way when, guided, roped, cajoled
To every known foothold,
One of a crowd you climbed, and lay content
On the warm plateau of what they thought you are.

Though by negation now you will progress,
Chasms of loneliness,
The terror that in one fall
You will lose all
And, shattering, disprove
That ever your self's mirror held the shapes you love,
Go down, go down, my son,
Back to your starting-place –
Sheer on the sheer rock-face,
Bare mind in world's embrace,
Your pride and your conquests undone.

II

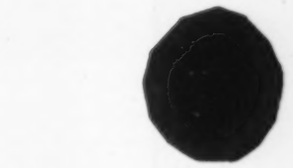
Hazy you'll leave the hut where climbers eat and sleep,
With fingers half-awake at first will clutch
Dream rock, real rock, only to rest again
On the bare boards, self-love, the bed of all your loves,
Base of your search for vistas or alpine flowers,
Whatever phantoms inwardly you collect.
Love makes you real, makes real the ghost of flowers
And flesh that would be ghostly but for love.

Guessed in the dark or limned in naked sunlight,
All, all can vanish though you climb no more,
Fences, walls are in good repair and your thoughts
Only on dwelling dwell now, possessed with possession.
To night oppose night, or dawn may catch you staring
At a garden suddenly withered, leafless in June,
Your pasture-land for ever veiled in mist;
The bolt you slide into place have nothing to guard
But its own echo subsiding in an empty house.

III

'I love you and I love me.'
What in yourself you are will be
Your outward journey's map and paradigm;
Only what in yourself you love
Grow as you grow, move as you move.
Out-climbing self, the loved one you'll out-climb;
Too long at rest, her limbs immobilize;
Purblind, will read your blankness in her eyes.
Self-centred is the light by which you see,
That makes you real, and real reality,
Ripens your crops and measures out your time:
All seasons and all weathers may that light approve.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER



presenting
Better Books
OUP Bookshop

Better Books

Oxford
University Press
Books

in a new showroom
in the Charing Cross Road

Sicily on the Move

Words are Stones. By CARLO LEVI. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

The Sicily of these travel essays, written between 1951 and 1955, is not the island of the English art critics nor of D. H. Lawrence's self-projecting images. It is the island of land hunger, flies, appalling poverty, strikes, the bandit and the Mafia, presented by an egoistical traveller with a strong gift for setting down the portraits of human beings. Carlo Levi is not a sociologist or a politician: he remains an impressionist of the post-war South which is 'on the move', less analytical than Donald Maxwell was in his excellent portrait of Giuliano, the bandit, but with an often vehement sense of atmosphere and place. Above all, he makes us feel the peasant movement as an obstinate and dramatic force. In the past the peasant revolts of Sicily have always been crushed by the feudal landlords, through the police and the Mafia. Since the last war, a beginning has been made in the breaking up of the estates but the peasants are far from convinced that the attempt is genuine. And although the Mafia is supposed not to exist, it in fact continues to play its traditional part in the changing struggle. The Mafia will not cease to exist (Carlo Levi's friends told him) so long as government is foreign, *i.e.* in Rome, and does not derive directly from the peasant population. Sicily has always been a country of invasions and conquests. Each wave of conquerors left behind its representative aristocracy who, in time, were at loggerheads with the distant government.

> There was therefore lacking – there has always lacked, and there still lacks, an intermediate class: between the peasant population and the foreign government there has always been an abyss or cleft; and it is here that the Mafia lies hidden. To reach the great expanses of the feudal estates, the villages of the interior, the land, the peasants, to get taxes paid, to squeeze out the fat of the land so necessary for distant governments and for the life of the nobles – for all this there have never been sufficient forces nor yet direct agreements; the whole life of the island has been left to its own devices.

And so the excise officer, the field guard, the superintendent become gradually powers in themselves. The bandit, who is the popular hero of revolt and the expression of the peasants' desperation, finds himself used by the Mafia for its own purposes, for blackmailing the government and bargaining by threats and scandal. The central government in Rome pretends, from time to time, to put down banditry and the Mafia, but knows the system – or lack of it – cannot escape the former and cannot dispense with the latter.

Still, Sicily is on the move. There are two very good portraits in the book, which point the drama. One is the not altogether unsympathetic portrait of the owner of a sulphur mine, a primitive, patriarchal despot, ignorant, shrewd and commanding, who had not sensed his time correctly and who fell from power shortly after Mr Levi's visit. He had the mind of a working man; the techniques of the embryo gangster. The portrait brings out the almost archaic nature of the combatants. The other is the account of Salvatore, a young socialist organiser, who was working to make the peasants put their shoulder to the wheel of their legal rights instead of dreaming of banditry. The Mafia murdered him. It was a 'signed and sealed' Mafia murder: face slashings, in sign of contempt and 'the following day the theft of 40 hens, for the traditional banquet'. The usual story of private feud was put out: but, this time, breaking all custom, the mother of the boy openly gave evidence in court. She had been deserted when she was a young mother and had brought up her son with fanatical love. This story is a tremendous one; it is something out of Verga. Mr Levi's long account of the transformation of the mother from an anxious, rebuking, acquiescent woman into a force with a single object (the justice her son had taught her to believe in, and which she had not believed in until he was killed) is the material of epic tragedy.

Mr Levi is a story-teller of temperament. He is impatient of the documentary. Sometimes one would be glad of a few more facts. He has the Italian taste for the fantastic, and primitive countries are rich in grotesque and strange incidents and people. There is, on the light side, the ironic story of the wonderful cow sold to a peasant by the land reform office, a cow living like a queen in a fine clean new stable. She had been assigned to him compulsorily at a cost of 180,000 lire and was ruining him:

> If only she was a milch cow, but she's just a working cow, and the land they've assigned to me is four hours away from here and I can't make a cow walk all the day there and work. So we keep her in the stable. She's a beautiful cow, and she serves as an ornament. We wanted to have some mules or else milch cows, but they sent this from Rome without asking us our opinion, and we've got to keep it and feed it. We can't resell it because that is forbidden. *Bellavita* I call her because she is the only person *che faccia la bella vita*, who lives well in this village.

Or there is the Mayor of New York visiting his native Sicilian village, a hero claimed by hundreds of cousins and whose long awaited gift to this primitive place is – shower baths!

Mr Levi is apt to heighten his effects, like a good raconteur. His poetic passages are conventional and as a journalist he is rather full of his amiable self; but there is no doubt of his power to put on paper the Sicily he saw, generously and vividly. There is a very remarkable description of the Capuchin catacombs in Palermo which has already given me a nightmare.

V. S. PRITCHETT

The Psychology of the Actor YOTI LANE

"Among the most original chapters may be mentioned those on the actor's sex problems, on the actor as a citizen, on the actress and society, and homosexuality in the theatre." — *The Stage.*

"Her book is a kind of Kinsey report on show business." — *News Chronicle.* 16s.

The Polish Volcano FLORA LEWIS

Brilliant account by one of the world's ablest journalists, correspondent for several years of *The Observer*, *Economist*, and *Financial Times*, of the events from the time of Stalin's death to the day when Gomulka and his colleagues faced the Russian leaders across the table in Warsaw and won at least partial freedom from Soviet control. 25s. Aug. 24.

A Tinkling in the Twilight EDGAR MITTELHOLZER

A new novel by the author of *Kaywana Blood.* "He writes with nervous poetic gusto and can be wildly funny." — *Glasgow Herald.* 18s.

Secker & Warburg

Know Your Community

Local History in England. By W. G. HOSKINS *Longmans.* 21*s.*

This is an admirably lucid and compact guide to the study of local history in England. It is a practical book of advice for 'amateurs' and it might fit without strain into a superior 'do-it-yourself' series. Behind the advice, however, there is discipline, scholarship, imagination and above all, experience. Dr Hoskins has already employed every technique he recommends and carefully consulted every source. Inevitably he leans heavily on his earlier writings which have established a new standard in local history. He is generous to other people, but the approach is his own. The more amateurs follow his advice, the higher will be the standard of thinking and writing about a subject which is exceptionally popular today, particularly in adult education classes.

Many critics regard the popularity with disfavour, implying that the subject is escapist or even counter-revolutionary. Dr Hoskins's methods, however, neat and tidy though they are, have involved something of a revolution in the study of local history over the past two decades. The revolution has had three main facets – first, a deliberate attempt to avoid 'the antiquarian trap' and a corresponding effort to place the facts of local history in perspective; second, a vigorous campaign to break the traditional authority of the squire and clergyman as local historians and their sometimes biased and narrow interpretation which concentrated on the descent of landed property; and third, a strong emphasis on the visual. Historians, Dr Hoskins has always insisted, have been too much concerned with documentary sources and too little concerned with the evidence of their own eyes. Every local history ought to begin with a chapter entitled 'The Face of the Parish' or 'The Face of the Town'.

These three facets of the new local history no longer look as new as they once did, but much local history continues to be studied and written on pre-revolutionary lines. There are still many local historians who are more concerned with facts than with problems, and who lack either the imagination or the background knowledge to understand what the problems might be. They stop their studies at a distant date, taking less and less interest in their community the nearer they get to the 'ugly present'. For all these complacent practitioners Dr Hoskins's book has a message. It is not as innocent as it looks at first sight, for it is a manifesto as well as a guide-book.

The charge of escapism is dismissed rather too briefly by Dr Hoskins as 'shallow-brained', and in a nearby context he refers to the 'acids of modernity'. He is surely right that the study of local history, properly pursued, involves encounter rather than escape, but there is a danger in popular concentration on local history to the exclusion of other kinds of history, particularly the history of ideas, and in pre-occupation with the past, even the Victorian past, at the expense of the present. Our views of the present colour our interpretations of the history even of our own village or town, and not all the acids have

been manufactured since the advent of modern chemistry. Lively local history demands an examination of all values, of the attitudes which men held as well as of the buildings they lived in. There are various ways in which Dr Hoskins's approach could be usefully extended, particularly in adult education – more study of comparative local history, more examination of the transition from the immediately local to the regional and the provincial, more concern not only for villages or small towns but for cities, more careful discussion of social history as a whole. Professionals if not amateurs might usefully apply Dr Hoskins's approach to other countries besides England. In the meantime the image of the solitary student of local history living quietly in his own village – an image presented by Dr Hoskins on his first page – is ceasing to be accurate. The teams are mustering, the classes assembling, the field parties digging.

ASA BRIGGS

Nonconformist Victorians

The Politics of English Dissent. By RAYMOND G. COWHERD. *Epworth Press.* 21s.

The most obvious things in history are often the most unnoticed. Nonconformism hangs over nineteenth-century England like a fog over Dickensian London (and for much the same reasons), but serious students have paid much less attention to it than to very much less massive phenomena, such as the mid-Victorian rationalists and the Fabians. Only one of them, the late Elie Halévy, recognised its crucial importance even while misleading us about it; and he was a foreigner. How much do the rest of us know about it? What does the name of Jabez Bunting, the Grand Cham of Wesleyanism, mean to a public knee-deep in monographs about Lord Acton? How many of us can give the dates and places of the major nineteenth-century religious 'revivals'? How many, even among historians, are aware of that strange, unique and unexplained halt in the expansion of nonconformism during the 1850s? What does the educated reader know of Miall, of Spurgeon, of Price Hughes?

In a way the nonconformists have themselves to blame for their relative obscurity. Except for the small, tight and civilised communities of the Quakers and Unitarians, they were rarely articulate as a group in ways which the non-dissenter could appreciate, or even understand. The life of the chosen people was turned inwards. Their pietistic and complacent literature can safely claim to be the most solidly unreadable body of print of Victorian times. They did not belong to the social élite which lends snob interest to the activities of the Anglican Evangelicals. Their direct collective contribution to politics compares unfavourably with that of the tiny band of secularist Radicals. They intervened in public life either, like the British climate, by being too obtrusive to be overlooked, or else by the secular activities of individual members which may have derived from their nonconformism, but were not specially marked by it. We assume, for instance, that a disproportionately high proportion of British capitalists were nonconformists (though the assertion has not actually been verified by anyone, so far as I know); but if they had been agnostics, would we be able to tell the difference from an inspection of their business activities?

Professor Cowherd of Lehigh University attempts to dispel some of the obscurity in which they lived, without much success. Illumination is hardly to be expected from a writer who makes only passing references to Sabbatarianism and the Temperance movement, two of the most cherished political ideals of nonconformity, and who appears to be unaware of the existence of the Primitive Methodists, with their combined enthusiasm for revivals and trade unionism. He outlines a number of the campaigns in which nonconformists were involved as a pressure group between 1815 and 1848, and some in which they played a lesser part: the fight against legal discrimination, educational reform, parliamentary reform, factory legislation, and the like. The book suffers somewhat from the attempt to discover a single policy of dissenters as a group, where – for social and geographic reasons which are here neglected – there was none: working-class dissenters were quite likely to favour the Ten Hours Bill, while middle-class ones regarded it with horror. Professor Cowherd is at his best when he sketches the switch of political dissent from Whig to Radical affiliations in the 1830s, and its part in the genesis of the Liberal Party. He observes correctly that 'free traders and voluntaryists were the same people and their object was one – to abolish exclusive aristocratic privilege in Church and State'. But he does not observe that this petty-bourgeois radicalism and anti-clericalism which lies at the heart of nonconformist politics, and served to link the skilled workers to the small shopkeepers and self-made businessmen who shared its assumption, was not a particularly British phenomenon. It occurred all over Europe, though on the continent it was agnostic or atheist rather than protestant, and normally by no means opposed to alcohol.

E. J. HOBSBAWM

World Marxist Review

Vol. 2 No. 8 August, 1959

World Marxist Review is the English edition of the theoretical and information journal of the Communist and Workers' Parties, published monthly in Prague.

Articles in the August number include:

The Cuban Revolution in Action
B. ROKA

Crisis and the Working Class
E. VARGA

The Inheritance of the World Communist Movement
B. PONOMAREV

New Features in British Capitalism
E. BURNS

Price 2s 6d (post 6d)

Subscriptions:
6 months 15s; 12 months 30s

CENTRAL BOOKS
37 Gray's Inn Road, London, WC1

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BOOKSHOP

FOYLES
FOR BOOKS

"Such speed—such service! There's no doubt about it—Foyles is a wonderful bookshop."

—A Customer's Letter

★

TRAVEL BUREAU NOW OPEN

Road, Rail, Sea, Air Tickets. Holiday Tours and Cruises.

119-125 CHARING CROSS RD. LONDON W.C.2

Gerrard 5660 (20 lines) ★ *Open 9-6 (Mon. and Thur. 9-7)*

Nearest Station: Tottenham Court Road

WILL Khrushchev take golf lessons from Eisenhower? What was decided at the last Presidium meeting? Will Kozlov or Kirichenko succeed Khrushchev?

SOVIET SURVEY is unfortunately not in a position to provide replies to these and similar questions. We do not pretend to know what will happen in Moscow three or five weeks hence. We are just trying to analyse the broad cultural and social trends that may have their impact in three or five years from now. If you are interested in serious information and discussion on these lines you would be well advised to ask for a specimen copy or to subscribe at once.

The summer number (120 pages), published this week, opens with an uncensored article by a young Soviet writer on "Socialist Realism." Other features include:

A careful analysis by Ronald Hingley of the recent Soviet Writers' Congress and its implications.

An article from the Soviet Magazine, *Problems of Literature*, on Sartre, Camus, and Simone de Beauvoir.

A documentary report on a special seminar held in Moscow, presenting the struggle of the official "Pavlovism" against the encroachments of "Freudism" in Soviet psychology.

A report on a Soviet conference on philosophy and science, followed by a prominent Western scientist's review of the achievements and problems of Soviet science.

Studies of the Soviet and Polish cinema revivals.

A discussion on recent legal reform by Leonard Schapiro, and on administrative decentralization by Derek Scott.

A symposium on the intelligentsia, containing articles by Edward Shils, Hugh Seton-Watson, Leopold Labedz, Victor Frank, K. A. Jelenski.

In addition there is a special 40-page supplement presenting a documentary record based exclusively on original Chinese sources, on the development of the People's Communes in China, their political significance, social consequences, and economic perspectives.

SOVIET SURVEY
Summit House
1-2 LANGHAM PLACE, LONDON, W.1.
Annual subscription rate: 12s. ($2.00), post free.

Scarce a Shift At All

A Book of Ireland. Edited by FRANK O'CONNOR. *Collins.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

It has been said that there can be short stories about Ireland but, for lack of variety and substance, no novel; and by the same token Irish anthologies and collections are apt to leave the reader with a sense of blank monotony. No doubt this would apply to any small peasant country, but it does so with particular force to self-conscious, self-absorbed Ireland where everything has been said and read, chewed over and dramatised, time and again. With his lively imagination and wide range of sympathy Mr Frank O'Connor succeeds perhaps as well as anyone could; but even so this reviewer often found herself like Mrs Pettibone on the night of her fourth marriage, groaning 'Oh hell! I've been through this so many times before'.

Happily, Mr O'Connor cheats a little by including foreign authors – unless, as is unlikely, he but follows the old Irish custom of claiming for Ireland any notable writer who once sojourned there. Indeed, he even opens the book with an enchanting poem of Mr John Betjeman's, 'Sunday in Ireland', in which the squalor and loveliness and ruin of the countryside are conveyed with a wonderful accuracy and pathos. To his further credit, he is in no way attempting to make out a case: Dr Johnson's lethal summing-up is bravely given in its entirety, as well as one equally pithy by a seventeenth-century Italian observer, 'No nation in Europe is less given to industry or more phlegmatic than this. They do not concern themselves with ecclesiastic or political amelioration', words as true today as ever. There are the familiar, excellent passages from Borrow, Swift, Thackeray and Trollope, while the rabidest anti-English poem in the book comes, as will surprise no one acquainted with that singular people, from the pen of an Englishman, Sir Arnold Bax.

The literary flowering of the time of Yeats is represented, although not as fully as might be wished. George Moore is unpopular and unfashionable today and his accounts of Dublin life may be as maliciously distorted as critics, themselves not always free of malice, allege; but no prose writer has written better, more vividly, of Ireland and it is disappointing to find him allowed only one brief colourless say while space is given to the stagy dialogues of Lady Gregory and Synge.

Some of the best items are Mr O'Connor's own translations of Gaelic poems and ballads, especially 'The Old Woman of Beare', a splendidly passionate lament for lost youth and vanished love, that begins,

> I the old woman of Beare
> Once a shining shift would wear;
> Now and since my beauty's fall
> I have scarce a shift at all.
>
> Plump no more I sigh for these
> Bones bare beyond belief;
> Ebbtide is all my grief;
> I am ebbing like the seas.

He includes as well, conceivably out of piety, fragments of Gaelic prose such as 'The End of Deirdre' and 'Who'll Carve the Pig?', tales that meander pointlessly along like the narratives of small children. One day, it may be hoped, some thoughtful student, who was going to emigrate in any case, will write a thesis entitled *The Silliness of Gaelic Legend.*

The book is nicely printed and produced with 52 good photographs of towns, monuments and landscapes. It was delightful to see O'Connell Street, Dublin, described yet again as one of the 'finest and broadest thoroughfares in Europe': this is not only a hoary old myth but a peculiarly Irish myth, in that its falsity is plain at once to anyone with eyes in his head.

HONOR TRACY

The Horn and the Sword

J. R. CONRAD

'A zestful survey of the cult of the bull-god.' *New Statesman.* 'Fascinating.' CYRIL CONNOLLY, *Sunday Times.*

2nd impression *Illustrated* 25*s*

Reprieve

JOHN RESKO

'One of the most remarkable, most searing accounts of prison life ever published.' *Manchester Guardian* 18*s*

Late Night on Watling Street

BILL NAUGHTON

'Forceful . . . dramatic and pungent . . . most enjoyable . . . a sturdily original talent.' *Times Lit. Sup.* 15*s*

MacGibbon & Kee

New Fiction

The Buffalo Soldiers. By JOHN PREBBLE. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*

The Numbers of Our Days. By FRANCIS IRBY GWALTNEY. *Secker & Warburg.* 18*s.*

The Poison Tree. By WALTER CLEMONS. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 15*s.*

The Horses of the Sun. By ORIEL MALET. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

Though he appears in almost every other novel nowadays, the Negro is seldom a satisfying character. Ceasing to be the subject of incidental comedy, he has become such a problem that it is hard to believe there was a time when a Negro could pass through a novel almost unnoticed. Who particularly remembers that Mr Osborne in *Vanity Fair* (1848) wished his son to marry Miss Swartz, the Negress, while below stairs at the Sedleys' Sambo made a pass at the cook?

These matters would be given more expert treatment today. Consider Mr John Prebble's *The Buffalo Soldiers,* a cavalry-and-Indian story set in the 1860s, shortly after the American Civil War. The piquant touch here is that the cavalrymen are Negroes, former slaves, and part of Mr Prebble's purpose is to display the tensions between the men and their white officer. It is all neat and obvious and unconvincing. None of the Negroes is a living character; nor is anyone else. But what makes them particularly hollow is that Mr Prebble, exploiting 'the problem', has given his 1860 characters the conventional racial attitudes – conventional in novel, play and film – of the 1950s. Five pages from the end we find the inevitable speech: 'Do we have to die like white folk to prove we have a right to live like them?' In fact the deaths of the Negroes are singularly pointless, occurring during one of those inconclusive manhunts to which the heroes of some novels and films commit themselves at the slightest provocation. The quarry is an Indian chief, the rehabilitated Hollywood savage of the 1950s; and the hunt, conducted throughout in terms of cinema, takes us past that well-known lonely homestead, which houses the brave and beautiful widow whose 'smile smoothed the weather-etched lines at the corners of her eyes'.

The Buffalo Soldiers never catches fire and remains artificial to the end; which is a pity, for Mr Prebble is full of acceptable historical detail, writes well and with economy, and has a feeling for landscape. Despite its troop of Negroes this novel is a commonplace Western, the old-fashioned corn, on the cob.

Racial integration in the American South is the theme of Mr Francis Irby Gwaltney's *The Numbers of Our Days,* one of those American novels which 'take the lid off' one thing and another. All writing is an unveiling of some sort, but the Americans go in for a peculiarly dramatic, humourless type of exposure which, one feels, should be applied to something grander than small-town society, the usual target, which deserves to be treated with irony rather than awe. It may be that Americans cannot stand aside from the society they criticise, and so appear over-earnest. The town exposed in Mr Gwaltney's novel is in Arkansas; the society there is somewhat uncultivated; to have any self-respect at all it needs the sight of depressed Negroes on every side; without Negroes to keep out of the schools there would seem to be no point in having schools. Mr Gwaltney believes passionately in integration; for him the issue is too urgent for irony. He states the various arguments clearly, illuminating his subject like a journalist rather than a novelist. Apart from its race theme, the novel, of the American family saga type, is familiar. The writing is inelegant, with an occasional misplaced vividness: 'Her mouth reached like that of a birdling in its early nest', is a fair example.

Mr Walter Clemons, a young American, makes an interesting debut with *The Poison Tree,* a collection of stories. He writes with impressive grace and assurance. Only three of the stories have anything like a plot; the others are mood-pieces. Mr Clemons writes mainly about childhood and suffocating family life, sometimes about outside characters and events seen by an experience-hungry 'I'. These last are the weakest in the collection which, for all its virtues, has a premature air: Mr Clemons still seems to be looking for things to say, and his observation is self-conscious and 'writery'. Often he appears to be too close to his experience, and perhaps for this reason I liked the childhood stories best. Elsewhere Mr Clemons is simply reporting, with an undefined purpose. Occasionally, when he makes a point, as in the story about the family funeral, his sensibility fails and he falls into a warmheartedness and sentimentality which can be described as American:

> She had lived a long life, death came, and it was a dirty business. It would come to them, and meanwhile wasn't it a fine thing to see so many relatives and old friends together! 'I'd like to have a party like this for me when I die', Allan thought.

One of the fictional monsters I would like to see

extirpated or at any rate kept down is the childbore: the lonely, sensitive child who fills her life with some intelligent and amusing fantasy. So far this year I have met this child in three novels. One novel, written throughout in virtual baby-talk, was about a pretentious infant who had what I believe she called her 'pretend days'. Another, with a fancy title and an epigraph from W. H. Auden, was about a terrible child who had a thing about unicorns and had all sorts of adventures in Italy. Now here is the mixture all over again in *The Horses of the Sun:* the lonely child with the amusing fantasy, the pretty title, the verse epigraph, the Italian setting. Other women are a very grand Contessa and ice-cold, level-headed Laura, seventeen, our little dreamer's enemy, whom I am afraid I couldn't help liking. The men in this story for schoolgirls are an elderly, famous and attractive professor, an old flame of the Contessa, and his handsome son. To know who marries whom, and after what alarms, read on.

V. S. NAIPAUL

In Addition to Mansfield

New Zealand Literature: A Survey. By E. H. McCORMICK. *Oxford.* 22*s.* 6*d.*

New Zealand has now been over a hundred years agrowing. One is tempted to classify its writers as Visitors (like Samuel Butler and Lady Barker); Emigrants (like Guthrie Smith and Ursula Bethell); Emigrés (like Pember Reeves), overlapping with Exiles and Rebels (D'Arcy Cresswell, Robin Hyde); Returning Natives (Allen Curnow, M. K. Joseph); Stay-at-homes (Ruth Dallas, James Baxter). If Mr McCormick's chronological survey rarely employs such labels of convenience, it is because he is concerned with more subtle differentiations, with points of contact and recurrent themes. Two such themes in particular strike our notice: 'Man Alone' and 'Remembered Childhood'.

That the solitary adventurer should become a symbol for a remote country still sparsely settled and in places impenetrable is hardly surprising. But neither Mr McCormick nor any other critic is able to explain the persistent cult of childhood, linking writers as diverse as Davin and Courage, Frank Sargeson and Katherine Mansfield. The author of 'Prelude', 'The Voyage' and 'The Garden Party' here appears for the first time in the company of the older women writers whose types she translated into characters and whose talents remained more or less hidden. But her wider fame no more accounts for her successors' preoccupation with the world of children than does her fragmentary verse for the characteristics of modern New Zealand poetry – finely chiselled, complex, sometimes bookish and sophisticated, elegaic rather than epic (and worlds away from Australian balladry and backslapping). The vigour that we fallaciously associate with a 'young' country is reflected only in the sexual intensity that began to pervade this poetry when it ceased to be either painfully imitative or deliberately indigenous. Even the introspective and firmly-disciplined (rather than 'diffident') verse of Mr Brasch – who in a notable poem, interpreted by Mr McCormick, rejects the local type-figure of sensual, shiftless man – admits the erotic image: 'Man must lie with the gaunt hills like a lover' (then he will walk 'no longer solitary'). Recently, to be sure, some Auckland poets have turned to consider the metaphysics of marriage: 'common forms of poetic utterance are the connubial compliment and the filial invocation'. These university wits are at least as readable as their English equivalents; but beyond wit and versatility they have little in common with James Baxter, whom Mr McCormick sees as the central figure and mediator in the contemporary poetic scene, and whom English readers have now no excuse for ignoring. Most New Zealand writers remain lonely Crusoes, meeting only in the pages of *Landfall*, the admirable quarterly founded and edited by Mr Brasch and assisted by a State Literary Fund which in this and other ways encourages writers without producing the evils of patronage.

Mr McCormick's masterly survey is the extension of an earlier study produced in New Zealand (in rather more handsome format), nineteen years ago. It omits the pages on New Zealand painting that were themselves a contribution to New Zealand literature; but with justice tempered by sympathy it assesses every local writer of any significance and every book of substance; not excluding such an unclassifiable book as *Tutira*, that story of an isolated New Zealand sheep-station which might almost be called the story of New Zealand itself. In Mr McCormick's own chapters we can trace the slow change from colonial *monde* to working-class nation: for, as he rightly remarks, most New Zealand novelists, from Edith Grossmann to David Ballantyne (whose Farrellish *Cunninghams* he slightly overpraises) have tended to become social historians. Until 1958, when no less than three novels pioneered new territory, the troubling question was whether they would ever become anything else.

JACK BENNETT

Perspectives of Thought

Gnosis. By FRITHJOF SCHUON. Translated by G. E. H. PALMER. *Murray.* 18*s.*

During recent years there has been growing dissatisfaction with views of life based too exclusively upon a rational or material approach to things, and growing recognition that many of our theories, scientific and other, about the nature of the world and man's place in it leave unanswered most crucial problems. Psychologists such as Jung have made us aware that often our actions and ideas spring from sources beyond normal consciousness; and more recently physicists, their inquiries having brought them to the frontiers of the observable universe, are turning to consider not merely the scientific question of how things happen but also the intellectual question of why things happen. Moreover, the fact that we are today faced with problems arising from contact and conflict between, not simply different nations, but different civilisations makes it imperative for us to seek understanding of the ideological roots of these civilisations; and such understanding involves study of the various religious traditions in which these roots are embedded. Thus, both because of personal need for intellectual coherence, and because of impersonal need to deal with some of the most pressing practical problems of the modern world, there is new and quickening interest in what we may call, however inadequately, metaphysical ideas; and the horizon is opening upon perspectives of thought which for most of us are unfamiliar.

Precisely because these perspectives are unfamiliar and because, in exploring them, possibilities of confusion seem endless, the English translation of M. Frithjof Schuon's *Sentiers de Gnose* is important. Written by one who combines a rare knowledge of Eastern religious traditions, especially of India and Islam, with an ability to express some of the central ideas of these traditions in a clear and persuasive way, this book serves both needs indicated above. Its opening chapters represent a clearing of the ground in which problems arising from contact between differing religious traditions are discussed. Here the author seeks to show that although there is apparent contradiction between the teaching of these traditions, yet this can be overcome in the light of a proper knowledge of their inner content. M. Schuon is not among those who pretend there is an 'esoteric' super-religion of which each particular religion is to a greater or lesser extent a perversion. Quite the contrary. But what he does ask for is mutual respect between adherents of the particular religions based on an understanding that each serves the same purpose in different ways. Such respect he regards as more than necessary today, when materialism and pseudo-spiritualism threaten every form of man's spiritual life.

In the second section of the book more personal themes are discussed. Here M. Schuon explores the inner or 'gnostic' content of the traditional religions, showing the inadequacy of our thought when we fail to take this into account, and pointing to means through which we can reach a knowledge of it. But his vivid presentation of his themes does allow us to see how many religious truths, which often appear abstract and other-worldly, have immediate relevance, ignored at our peril. The final section, on Christianity, is particularing interesting here.

This is not an easy book, and makes considerable demands on the reader's intelligence, as, given its subject-matter, is inevitable. But those who do give it attention will be generously rewarded. For whether or not they agree with all M. Schuon's conclusions they cannot fail to be stimulated and instructed by his breadth and lucidity.

PHILIP SHERRARD

STUART HAMPSHIRE
Thought and Action

New Statesman
'A book of depth and lucidity . . . a memorable vindication of the claims of philosophy to be a discipline at once humane and precise'

Manchester Guardian
'His argument is set forth in an essay of which a compelling moral sensitivity is as marked a feature as the logical rigour of the reasoning'

Sunday Times
'The work of a highly civilized and sensitive man'

25s net

CHATTO & WINDUS

Cordage and Tar

Sailing Boats. By UFFA FOX. *Newnes.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

Kurun in the Caribbean. By J-Y. LE TOUMELIN. *Hart-Davis.* 15*s.*

Tahiti-Nui. By ERIC DE BISSCHOP. *Collins.* 21*s.*

Whistle the Wind. By KENNETH SHEARWOOD. *Hart-Davis.* 18*s.*

Sailing Boats bellies and swells with the immense personality of Mr Uffa Fox. 'In the winter of 1927 I designed and built the most famous of all dinghies, *Avenger*, which was the first of the planing dinghies.' This isn't conceit but part of Mr Fox's enormous enjoyment of sailing and of himself. It is true that his design of a hull which would lift and skim and so go faster than the physics of its waterline length allowed, almost doubled the speed of racing dinghies sailing off the wind. It is a fact that his planing canoes held the New York International Trophy for nearly twenty years until 'our Canoe Club chose a canoe that I had not designed and the Americans were successful in their challenge.' *Avenger* and the canoes were built to an international rule and were sailed by champions. The thousands of week-end sailors who go racing in small boats hold Mr Fox in awed affection for his creation of class after class of boats pretty nearly perfect for their size and purpose and price. Of the fourteen classes described in this book he designed seven—among them the Firefly, the first and still the most successful moulded dinghy, the Redwing, the most able racer of her size in the open sea, and the Flying Fifteen, the fastest keel-boat that can be built quite cheaply. Each chapter opens with technical data and drawings, then indicates the purpose of the design and runs on into vividly remembered days of racing. The boats come alive with the man. It is a pity that this informative and rollicking book should contain so many misprints.

Both books about cruising are by Frenchmen, an elegant sailor and an eccentric. After his voyage round the world J-Y. Le Toumelin refitted his 7½-ton gaff-cutter *Kurun* and sailed very agreeably to Madeira (where he notes that the wines used to be sent for a sea-voyage to mature them) and to the Windward Islands. Competent at sea, sociable and well-informed on shore he enjoys people with a mild irony and history with romantic intelligence. He is, of course, an escaper from the industrial world. One of his comments is important for much less adventurous sailors—that since the development of radar the human look-out on merchant vessels may be reckoned as quite probably absent even in such a crowded sea-way as the English Channel.

Eric de Bisschop was the sort of eccentric who could get other people to pay for his raft, and find a crew of five to sail it with him from Tahiti to Chile. It was supposed to prove that the Polynesian migration was east to west and not Kon Tiki-wise from America. The raft was floated by bamboos, bound together with *nape*, steered by *guaras* (a series of drop-keels) and driven by sails of *peue*. Wild guesses were the only evidence that such a craft had put to sea before. However, she sailed 5,000 miles in six months before teredos bored through the bamboos and the Chilean navy came to the rescue of crew, pig and pussy-cat. They had forgotten the owl. Tahitian gossip, the failing morale of the uxorious radio-operator and the gusto of the captain make the voyage fairly diverting.

Finally a book about fishing: Mr Shearwood, not knowing that anyone as unquestionably decent as himself would have to become a public-school housemaster, took to pilchard-driving, dogging and spiltering for a year in Mevagissey before deciding to go up to Oxford. He found the life rewarding in a manly way, but it produced far less than a middle-class income. He writes a pleasant, technically informative book, padded with affectionate glimpses of his Cornish neighbours, in the style of an 'I remember' article in *The Times*. He thinks his readers will be more interested in a motor-trip to buy a dog than in any serious analysis of declining fortunes of in-shore fishing.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

BJPS

The British Journal for the Philosophy of Science

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST 1959

ARTICLES

Epistemology and Scientific Strategy — R. F. J. WITHERS

Origin Explanations and the Origin of Life — F. B. EBERSOLE and M. M. SHREWSBURY

Sources of Scepticism in Atomic Theory — GERD BUCHDAHL

Epistemology as an Aid to Science: Comments on Dr Buchdahl's Paper — J. AGASSI

Annual subscription 42*s*

Single copies 10*s* 6*d postage* 6*d*

NELSON

PARKSIDE WORKS EDINBURGH 9

Salazar's Empire

Portuguese Africa. By JAMES DUFFY. *Oxford: Harvard.* 38*s.*

The Portuguese began their colonial adventure in Africa more than 500 years ago; and they remain, even today, in control of lands which hold not much less than one-twentieth of all the peoples of the continent. It is therefore surprising that this should be the first satisfactory account of the history and growth—or lack of growth—of Angola and Mozambique (the two principal Portuguese African possessions) ever to appear in English. That the author should be American and not English is less surprising, since the proper investigation of Portugal (and thus of Portuguese Africa) is something that British scholars have yet to undertake—for reasons, if they are ever looked into, which will no doubt make an interesting study in imperialist nepotism. Mr Duffy does an excellent job, being well qualified by knowledge of Portugal, of the Portuguese language, and of the Portuguese colonies, and being gifted as well with tact, pertinacity, and skill. His book is a tribute to the quality of Africanist scholarship now developing in the United States. Since careful observers can seldom make their way into Angola or Mozambique, and since these colonies, masquerading under the title of 'overseas provinces', are never subject to statistical report (however inaccurate) by the Portuguese themselves, Mr Duffy's work will be of great value not only to historians but also to students of contemporary colonialism.

It is a curious and often contradictory story that he has to tell. Curious, because the Portuguese have somehow or other managed to hang on in Africa despite every manner of disaster, administrative ineptitude, and suicidal waste. Contradictory, because the enterprise, courage, and honesty of individual Portuguese have again and again secured good results—only to become lost or frittered away by the idiocy and greed of Lisbon. Contradictory, too, because the Portuguese have managed to combine a want of colour prejudice with a system of enslavement which leaves, even today, a large proportion of all 'fit adult males' in Angola and Mozambique at the mercy of forced labour in one lightly disguised form or another. This book, incidentally, leaves one in no doubt about forced labour in Portuguese Africa: it is, in Mr Duffy's words, the product of 'a centuries-old policy in Portuguese Africa which, stripped to its essentials, has regarded the African as a working hand, call him slave, *liberto*, *contratado*, *voluntario*, or what you will'. Mr Duffy's conclusions, on this and other matters critical of contemporary Portuguese administration, are all the more convincing because he takes careful account of the arguments of the Salazarist regime, embellishes his book with photographs provided by Lisbon, and is entirely at home with the evidence.

Today these two colonies remain as squalid 'zones of silence' on the map of a changing Africa. Only lately have things begun to change a little, partly as a result of democratic opposition inside Portugal and the regime's consequently greater danger that scandals will become public, and partly as a result of African opposition inside these territories. Several scandals have become public. A few wandering journalists have managed to see and hear things that were previously hidden; and, like Henry Nevinson fifty years ago, have told the truth about these lands. Two or three Africans have lately managed to escape; and so have two or three members of the Portuguese opposition. Only last month an emissary of the opposition arrived in London from one of these colonies; and showed once again, by what he had to tell, that Portuguese democrats see African misery under the dictatorship as part of their own misery. Opposition leaders like Delgado, now in Brazil, and Galvão, now in Argentina, have shown a keen interest in the plight of these lost territories; and there is good reason to believe that their succession to power in Portugal, if and when the Salazarist oligarchy can be shaken off at last, will bring intelligent relief to Africans as well. Mr Duffy's probing scholarship reveals how desperately they need it.

BASIL DAVIDSON

J. C. Trewin's selection, *Plays of the Year*, vol. 18 (Elek. 18s.), consists of *Any Other Business*, by George Ross and Campbell Singer, *The Queen and the Welshman*, by Rosemary Anne Sisson, *The Party*, by Jane Arden, and *Touch It Light*, by Robert Storey. *Let's Get a Divorce!* (Calder, 16s.) is a collection of plays by Sardou, Labiche, Courteline, Prévert and Feydeau, with an introductory essay on the psychology of farce by Eric Bentley.

Victorianula

Young Victorians. By MARION LOCHHEAD. *Murray.* 21*s.*

The Victorian Child. By F. GORDON ROE. *Phoenix.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The reign of that rather dreary person Queen Victoria seems to be becoming the current Golden Age. Both these books, though they take pains to say that it was *not* an ordered paradise of general security and contentment, cater for a nostalgic suspicion that it *was*. Both are desultory, rather chatty compilations which it would be difficult to keep reading except out of a chronic hunger to hear more about crinolines and edification. I suppose this hunger is inevitable. The eighteenth century has been publicly opened up (was *The Stricken Deer* the first explosion?) and is now known to be riddled with insecurity and neurosis. But we still need some pattern of order to set against our own confusion, and we want it as near home as possible. And, of course, Victorian *children*, like most other children, did often have to lead a pretty orderly life.

So doubtless the myth is natural; it only remains to look out for the resulting falsification. Miss Lochhead's book, which is much the more scholarly and competent of these two, is a sequel to her former one called *Their First Ten Years*. This book covers their second ten years. It deals with the development of public schools and colleges, both male and female, it has a chapter on the youth of The Poor, and it also has, higgledy-piggledy hocus-pocus, a lot of potted biographies of assorted people, stretching only from their tenth to their twentieth year, and, therefore, barely comprehensible. The effect is of watching a crowd hurry past in the street while an intelligent and inexhaustible guide tells you all about all of them. It is a testimonial to Miss Lochhead's skill that the experience is not really tiresome. She has a clear and lively style, she can pack information in pretty concisely, and she has an eye for the right stories. I particularly liked an entry from the diary of Burne-Jones at Oxford, 'I have just been amusing myself pouring basons of water on the crowd below from Dixon's garret, such fun, by Jove'. By Jove, yes. But the point of that story, and of much of the other fun, is blunted by Miss Lochhead's resolute refusal to fill in the sombre background which makes it so piquant. She has a chapter on Daughters of Great Men where she explains what a good time the Thackeray girls had because they were 'much in their father's company, and met many famous folk'. She doesn't say that the reason for this was that their mother was mad. Then she goes on to Mary Gladstone, who

> grew up happily if somewhat haphazardly. . . . She wrote, in later life, 'My governesses from ten to seventeen treated me as half-witted, so I grew up a nonentity. I have never outgrown it. . . .' She read 'furiously but inconsequently' and her mind was 'kept like a kind of domestic pet to be fed upon literary titbits'.

How can any sensitive person treat the unhappiness in those passages as secondary, and use them as part of a chapter on what a good time one could have as the daughter of an eminent Victorian? It is the fatal weakness of Miss Lochhead's method that she has no time to distinguish the feelings of her numerous passers-by properly, and so tends to leave you with just what she had claimed to get beyond – a superficial impression of crinolines and side-whiskers. This spoils the biographies, but does not matter so much in the account of the development of schools and colleges, which is on the whole coherent and interesting. The book is, altogether, not a meal but a pretty good collection of *hors d'oeuvre*. It has an adequate index and bibliography.

Mr Roe's book is much slighter, much more tiresome, and much more dependent for its interest on a taste for Evocative Panoramas. He spends a lot of time telling us that Victorian children had tin soldiers (which we know) that they had nursery fireguards (which we have ourselves) and that they may have heard their elders making a series of awful puns (which is sad, but not at this date really gripping). He has a fearful style, dogmatic, scrappy, vague and facetious, stuck all over with 'Need I say', and 'Let it never be forgotten'. But he has some interesting oddments of information, and some of his illustrations are attractive. I particularly liked one of a Victorian space-ship from an early translation of Jules Verne. Very soothing it looks, and so, presumably, will Dan Dare in a hundred years time. Security, huh?

MARY SCRUTTON

Shorter Reviews

Reveille for a Persian Village. By NAJMEH NAJAFI and HELEN HINCKLEY. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

Reveille for a Persian Village – not the happiest of titles – follows upon the first book written by the same authors, in which Najmeh described the breach with her own class rendered necessary by her decision to improve the conditions prevailing in a native village. Under the auspices of the Near East Foundation this beautiful and courageous young Persian began a study of the place of women in the primitive villages. Wisely, she decided to teach, not reading and writing only, but also handicrafts and sewing; with the result that when next she arrived

THE LEADING CENTRE OF EAST-WEST TRADE

August 30th — September 6th

LEIPZIG FAIR

An International Display of Consumer Goods of All Kinds

Free Fair Visas for Visitors · Special Currency Concessions · Direct Flights to Leipzig by KLM and SABENA with Through Bookings and Convenient Connections from Great Britain · Through Bookings also by LOT Polish Airlines.

FULL DETAILS FROM DEPT. W3
LEIPZIG FAIR AGENCY
39 ST. JAMES'S PLACE · LONDON S.W.1

A brilliant performance

ARRAU

plays

Concerto No. 5 in E Flat
'Emperor'
Beethoven

with the

Philharmonia Orchestra
conducted by Alceo Galliera

33CX1653

COLUMBIA

(*Regd. Trade Mark of Columbia Graphophone Co. Ltd.*)

33⅓ R.P.M. LONG PLAYING RECORDS

E.M.I. RECORDS LTD.
8-11, Great Castle St., London W.1

LOOSE DENTURES?

THE WAY TO SELF-ASSURANCE

Follow the advice of your Dentist and you can be sure your dentures will remain comfortable and secure throughout each day.

Dentists recommend daily use of Corega—the so sure, so safe *vegetable fixative*. A sprinkle on your plate provides a strong suction bond which gives perfect adhesion, and makes your dentures feel actually a part of your mouth.

Get a tin from your chemist to-day; use it and see how self-assured you become as you talk, laugh and enjoy your meals.

For Denture Comfort, Use

COREGA

The fixative Dentists recommend

at her class, 35 girls and women eagerly awaited her. Najmeh's earnest desire was to work, not in the mechanised way in which organisations move, but 'heart to heart'; nor, wisely, did she at any time attempt to make a little America in the mountains of Persia. Thus it was that when, in the village of Sarbandan she found that there was no school for girls and no clinic – 'Sarbandan is the place for me, I thought': and she there and then determined to win the love and confidence of the people she had come to help. So successful was she, that those who had earlier distrusted her methods, now flocked to her for help and advice; and it became necessary for her to open a clinic on their behalf. It is pleasant to read that on 24 July 1955, the foundation stone for this clinic was laid – four months after Najmeh Najafi had first set eyes upon the remote and primitive village of Sarbandan.

B. M.

The Concise Encyclopaedia of Living Faiths. Edited by R. C. ZAEHNER. *Hutchinson.* 50s.

This is an excellent compilation, quite surprisingly so. Do not be put off by either the rather misty title, or the atrocious dust jacket and frontispiece which suggest sabotage by the League of the Godless; have faith in Professor Zaehner and his distinguished contributors. These include, in the Christian section, Professor Kent on 'Protestantism'; Dr Davis on 'St Thomas and Medieval Theology'; and Father Corbishley on 'The Catholic Church since the Reformation', a particularly significant and spirited display of timeless intransigeance and militant optimism, this: the Church, it seems, has at last recovered from the Lutheran bombardment, which is all that matters. The most valuable part of the book is the section on the oriental religions which occupies more than half the text. Beginning with Professor Gibb on Islam and Professor Zaehner on Zoroastrianism – hardly, as he himself points out, a living faith yet remarkably persistent in its influences – the surveys are models of their kind, factual, informative, historical yet comprehensive and full of sympathetic insight. 'Hinduism' and its strangely pessimistic and obsessional off-shoot, 'Jainism', are dealt with by Professor Basham. 'Buddhism' – the two major sects, and the Chinese and Japanese developments – is covered in three separate contributions. The diverse forms of 'Taoism' are given admirably concise treatment by Dr Eichhorn, illustrating the fascinating mixture of primitive and highly sophisticated thinking so characteristic of oriental religion. 'Shintoism' is evaluated by Mr Bownas, who meticulously sorts out the distinctive national Japanese contribution from the imitative. In a final essay Professor Zaehner entertains, intrigues and stimulates us by tracing the mystical affinities of dialectical materialism from Heraclitus to Hegel and beyond, with Taoism as a grand dialectical junction; there are two rather piquant illustrations to this section: photographs of Jung and Engels.

M. R.

Japanese Art Books

Renewed interest in the arts of Japan has prompted fresh additions to two series of popular monographs. The three volumes in the *Art of the East Library* (Elek, 15s. each) offer over 100 plates apiece, of which sixteen are in colour, surface-printed in Japan on rather poor paper. The choice and clarity are, however, admirable. An unhackneyed *Hiroshige* selection is introduced by Takashi Suzuki. Elise Grilli annotates the calligraphic and satirical pin-ups of *Sharaku*, and compiles a well-balanced anthology of *Japanese Picture Scrolls*.

Four new titles in the *Little Library of Art* (*Methuen*, 2s. 6d. each) follow an illustrated introduction by Alain Lemière with what are virtually fifteen coloured postcards. The titles cover *Religious Art*, *Handscrolls*, *From Sesshu to the Ukiyo-Ye School*, *Colour Prints*. An enlarged surface-printed reproduction of one plate from each volume appears on the cover, the plates within being offset-printed in France; and comparison reveals wide variations in colour and tone. Welcome as these miniatures are, they need not disappoint if they are regarded, like Japanese woodblock prints themselves, rather as transpositions than as facsimiles of their originals.

H. G. P.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,538 **Set by G. W. Stonier**

It's wonderful! . . . It's wonderful!
Now, hands that do dishes may be soft as your face,
So-o-oft as your face,
With new, new Fairy Liquid!

So, unforgettably, runs one of ITV's balmiest lyrics. With an Election approaching, and politics taking up more and more screen time, may we expect politicians to adopt a similar tone? Usual prizes for such lyrics, advertising a politician, a policy, or a party. Limit 12 lines; entries by 25th August.

Result of No. 1,535 **Set by Buzfuz**

'F.O. No. 1 (*the Selwyn*). This land-to-land guided missile, using the Eden launcher, has been developed by the Suez Group. It is powered by No. 10 boosts. Persistent efforts to get it permanently fired have proved unsuccessful. Equipped with an American war-head, it is useful at low altitudes. Recently used in kite-flying trials.' Competitors are asked to supply a note, as in a technical handbook, of some other topical weapon which has, or may, come off the drawing-board.

Report

An average holiday-season offering, not really conveying a particularly lethal impression. The list included the Hugh-Nye Non-Nuclear Club ('essentially a primitive tactical weapon'), the Big Bevan or Ebbwvaliant, the Nabarrogen Bomb and the Sabrina Mk II, but for the rest there was a welter of Devlins, Boyds, Ikes and Nixons, with few others. The near misses included Rhoda Tuck Pook's 'F-M. Monte: Operating upon the spontaneous combustion principle, it is unusually easy on fuel and maintenance, and, since it does not claim to be self-powered, is equipped for guidance by high-level control' and Henry Pelling's 'Nixon: Did not acquire popularity until after the elimination of hiss. . . . A good-looking weapon, but expensive to maintain. General classification – smooth bore'. T. L. Norton's 'Beaver' was a ship rather than a weapon: 'Can sink to great depths but is definitely a non-U boat. Evades enemy pursuit by the use of a scoop which stirs up large quantities of mud'. I also liked J. A. Lindon's 'Antibonk (Summers Killer)': 'Widespread use of the weapon over Britain could, it is estimated, at the trifling cost of exterminating all our national aggressiveness, save one whole life every two or three years', and June A. Schofield's 'The Boid II works on the principle of complete suppression of the Bandaionic groups, and in the new prototype the use of the Devlin stabilisers has been rejected. It has been found that the latter are an embarrassment to the missile because they have been found to operate in opposition to the suppressors'.

Honourable mention to G. J. Blundell, Nancy

OBERAMMERGAU 1960 PASSION PLAY
The address of AUSTRIA TRAVEL AGENCY LTD., which was misprinted in the advertisement on p. 165 of last week's issue, is:
90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1. (Tel. GERrard 9101)

4½%

income tax paid by the Society the equivalent of a gross yield (with income tax at the standard rate of 7/9d. in the £) of

7¼%

NO FIXED TERM
RESTRICTIONS
WITHDRAWAL AT
ONE MONTH'S NOTICE

A sound investment with a good return is offered by the West London Investment Building Society established 1879, on Share Accounts from £1 to £5,000.

WEST LONDON
INVESTMENT BUILDING SOCIETY

For free brochure complete this coupon and send it to:—

C. MONTAGUE, F.A.C.C.A., F.B.S.,
West London Investment Building Society, 199 Uxbridge Road, W.12.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

NS

A Scottish Coxswain

MEN AT WORK

The work of the Life-boat crew is dangerous. They do it willingly. But without your help they cannot continue to rescue 600 lives a year at sea. Funds are urgently needed: send your contribution, however small, to:—

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION
42 GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1
Treasurer: His Grace The Duke of Northumberland K.G.
Secretary:
Col. A. D. Burnett Brown, O.B.E., M.C., T.D., M.A.

Radio Sofia, Bulgaria

broadcasts in English daily
from 19.35 to 20.05 h. GMT
from 21.40 to 22.10 h. GMT
from 23.00 to 23.25 h. GMT (*Concert*)
on short-wave on 30.93 metres or 9.7 megacycles.

The programme presents news, commentaries on international and domestic problems, features about life in Bulgaria, Bulgarian music, literary programmes, etc.

Council of Education, Witwatersrand
Excellent opportunities exist for male graduates not older than 35 to teach in the Transvaal in ideal weather conditions.
The Council of Education offers generous travel allowances to suitable candidates.
For further particulars apply to the Council's Hon. London Agent:— Mr. James Gilchrist, 36 Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1.

Gunter, and D. M. Pulsford. A guinea-and-a-half each to J. E. Cherry, Rhoda Tuck Pook and L. G. Udall; half-a-guinea to R. Kennard Davis.

U.S.1. (*the Eisenhower*)

This inter-continental missile was originally conceived as a conventional tactical weapon with a remote control for climbing in a high-speed vertical rise. The standard 'Senate' type retarder and direction indicator operates during excessive high flying and, at this stage, inertial control takes over. The rapid free fall path can be accelerated by the complementary 'Democrat' machine, which has been geared accordingly.

Although intermittent interference explosions are initiated by governors, minor attempts to launch satellites – except in the more remote areas – have been abortive.

In spite of the many experimental approaches there is still a remarkable tendency for the homing device to operate just prior to the summit achievement. Ground receivers have been established in many of the NATO countries, but in several of these places a negative throw-back has marred reception.

J. E. CHERRY

R – (*Churchill Mark II*)

This versatile self-powered dissemination apparatus is geared to 'Standard' directive propulsion. It differs considerably from its celebrated prototype, operating upon a lower thrust-dynamic, despite a relatively higher frequency of combustion, and consisting of a large head with disproportionately small control equipment.

On paper it is seen to concentrate principally upon the back of the target, but, owing to the high probability of distortion, results are hardly commensurate with the heat and energy generated.

Certain reports suggest that 'R' may involve too high a cost in operation, due to unpredictability and a tendency to overreach. This has been attributed to a hold-up in development during vital early stages, and it is possible that the optimum potential has not yet been achieved. However, even if its use as a weapon should prove impracticable, it would have definite value as a warning device against imitators.

RHODA TUCK POOK

I.C. 2 MACH (*the Devlin*)

Inter-commonwealth missile of deadly penetration. Starts from cold, extremely accurate, unaffected by heavy weather or fog and insensitive to colour, flies blindfold. Powered by 'British Justice' engines, in balance, can reach very high altitude targets. Must be directed with great care. Once despatched, course cannot be altered lest it boomerang and destroy firing crew. Consequently a weapon used with great reluctance. After a successful discharge, when the white heat in the target area has cooled down, there is likelihood of marked improvement in the clarity of the atmosphere.

L. G. UDALL

THE DEVLIN

This inter-continental weapon has recently been put into commission. It has successfully discharged a number of rockets at a buoyed target, registering several hits. Produces a resounding report, developing tremendous heat. The amount of damage done to the target, and the extent of a fall-out, have not yet been made public, but are believed to be considerable, though there is a disposition in government circles to minimise the latter and to play down the permanent effects of the explosion.

R. KENNARD DAVIS

CITY LIGHTS

Taurus is on holiday

The Chess Board

No. 509. The Last-But-One Blunder

There are only two ways of making a successful combination. It either happens to be sound, or the opponent happens to fall for it anyway. That was Tartakower speaking, the same who used to observe so truly that the blunders are all there and merely waiting to be made. One might add that what matters most in a game of chess is, by all means, to endeavour to make the last-but-one rather than the last blunder. Here (reported by Kurt Richter in *Schach*) is a significant case in point. After (1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-B4, P-Q3; (4) P-Q4, B-Kt5, White fancied to gain some material and positional advantage by (5) B x P ch, and Black, evidently owing to the shock-effect of the move, fell for the hallucination that the B must be taboo on account of the threatened Kt-check. Hence he thought to be very clever in playing (5) . . . K-K2, thereby countering blunder by blunder. He had failed to see that after (5) . . . K x B; (6) Kt-Kt5 ch he could simply play . . . Q x Kt, ending up a piece to the good. As it happened, though, he merely added yet another proof to the rule that the last-but-one blunder wins. White continued (6) B x Kt!, and the threat of losing his Q by the B-check stopped Black from recapturing. The sequel was . . . B x Kt; (7) Q x B, Q-K1; (8) B-Kt5 ch, K-Q2; (9) Q-B5 mate.

On a rather higher level (Cortlever-Albareda, Lugano 1959) we find another case in point. /2b2rk1/2QB1ppp/8/p7/4pP2/2P1B3/Pqr3PP/R2R2K1/. Having blundered away a piece Black found some consolation in the dominant emplacement of his heavy artillery, and lo and behold, the opponent obliged by committing the last blunder. After (1) K-R1, R x KtP; (2) B-Kt1??, R-Kt3!! White suddenly realised to be facing inevitable mate. Yet, he could have covered his KRP quite simply and adequately by (2) P-B5!; whereupon Black couldn't have achieved anything by . . . B x B; (3) R x B! Q x R ch; (4) K x R; nor by . . . Q-K7; (3) Q-KB4, R-Kt5; (4) Q-B2 etc.

Considering that correspondence chess should be as free from blundering as humanly possible I might as well conclude with the decisive stage of the decisive game between the winner of the 'correspondence world championship', V. Ragosin and the runner-up, L. Schmid. /r3kb1r/1p1b1ppp/pkt2p3/2kt5/3Kt4/1BKt1B3/PPP2PPP/2KRR3/. White has emerged from the opening with some positional advantage, and he will have to materialise it without the aid of blundering on the other side

(14) Kt-B5! O-O-O; (15) B x Kt, B x B; (16) Kt-K4!, P x Kt [Relatively best]; (17) Kt x B, B-B3; (18) B x P [Better than the more obvious R-K7 which would have given Black a better chance of deploying his pieces], P x P; (19) R x R ch, R x R; (20) Kt-K6!, R-Q3; (21) Kt x KtP, R-KR3; [He has no chence of saving his KBP and must try something desperate] (22) R-K6, R x P; (23) R x Kt, B-K5; (24) P-KB3! [Simplest], B x P; (25) Kt x P B-K5; (26) Kt-Q4, P-KR4; (27) R-R6, P-R5; (28) B-R5, resigns.

In fairness to the loser, the 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position showing him in his usually triumphant role. Black blundered by . . . Q-Kt3, Schmid countered (8) B-K3, and the Black blunderer grabbed the KtP. How was he punished? **B** and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder-points) are both wins and very pretty too. Usual prizes. Entries by 24th August.

A: Lothar Schmid 1943

B: Henri Rinck: q7/p4kt2/B2pk3/8/7Q/8/3K4/8/.

C: H. F. Blandford: /3k4/3p3p/7B/4RP1K/P1p5/8/5p2/8/.

REPORT on No. 506. Set 25 July

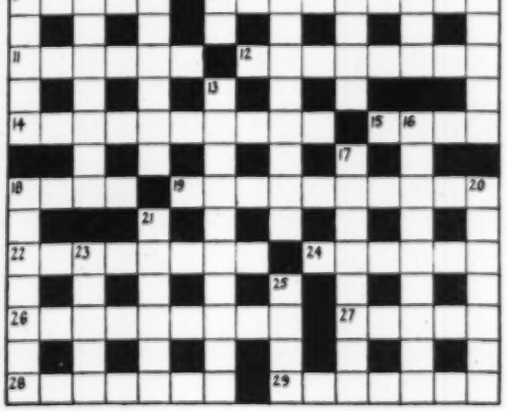
A: (1) R-KB3!, P-K5??; (2) RxKt!, PxQ, (3) RxP ch, K-R1, (4) RxBP ch, K-Kt1; (5) R-Kt7 ch, K-R1; (6) R-Kt3 ch, etc.
B: (1) K-B7, RxP; (2) R-Kt8 ch K-R2; (3) R-Kt7 ch, K-R1, (4) K-Kt6, P-Kt5 (best); (5) R-QR7, R-Kt4 ch; (6) KxP etc.
C: (1) B-K5, R-Kt5 ch, (best); (2) K-Q5, R-Kt4 ch; (3) K-B6, RxB; 4) P-Q7, R-K3 ch; (5) K-Kt7, K-Q3; (6) K-B8, R-B3 ch; (7) K-Kt7, R-B2 ch (8) K-R8! and Black must take the P, causing stalemate.

Many correct solutions. Prizes: M. A. Anderson, E. A. Barclay-Smith, R. C. Chaturvedi, J. P. Ford, M. B. Yeats.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 366

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 366, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 25 August.



ACROSS

1. The Irishman has a relative to deceive (7).
5. One who finds fault with a means of gaining admission (7).
9. 'And how his —— stands who knows save heaven?' (Hamlet) (5).
10. Correct the evidence concerning an advertisement (9).
11. Shells for penniless windows (6).
12. Showy and corrupt sin in a medium of entertainment (8).
14. Spoils the value for one who made money out of the papers (10).
15. Cold fish embracing the Church (4).
18. Wine as an obligation (4).
19. Means of getting one's own back on the railways? (10).
22. Lend a car licence: you need a new one every year (8).
24. Twenty or best perhaps (6).
26. A soldier, but one who meets his end on a ship? (9).
27. The old tennis player is to move? (5).
28. Oriental flower in a unit of print (7).
29. Spring examination of an official (7).

DOWN

1. The ruler shows an accident arising about a cartoonist (7).
2. It takes time and money to produce evidence of faulty washers (9).
3. Advantage in producing winter estimates (8).
4. Hides and sleeps (4).
5. Party with a potential mountain at the centre (10).
6. Duck a swimmer: this is loutish (6).
7. 'To offer war where they should —— for peace' (*Taming of the Shrew*) (5).
8. A dairymaid in the grass showing signs of crying (7).
13. If a number replaced the first page, you would see the people's cause (10).
16. Pick one that finishes, but this is not watertight (9).
17. Get through competently, but not brilliantly (8).
18. It is gruesome: the horse is without a carriage (7).
20. Famous trio pose nicely (7).
21. Had a meal after the hotel was not acquired (6).
23. Liberal manners in bestial places (5).
25. A drink for the flower (4).

Solution to No. 364.

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 364

Mrs S. Fergusson (Pitlochry)
Mrs L. Kerr (Ashtead)
Dr R. L. Meek (Glasgow, W.2)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

cost 6s. per line (average six words) minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week. N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1 Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

EAST AFRICA HIGH COMMISSION

STATISTICIANS, EAST AFRICAN STATISTICAL DEPARTMENT

Candidates should have a good Honours degree, preferably in Economics with Statistics as a main subject. The latter is not essential provided that Statistics has been included in the degree course and the candidate has a good knowledge of statistical methods and the handling of statistical data.
Experience desirable of work in a government or commercial statistical organisation or post graduate research in economic analyses of statistical surveys. Age limit 40.

Appointment may be pensionable or on contract terms, inclusive salary scale £939 – £1,863, point of entry determined by experience. Gratuity of 13⅓% of salary if appointment is on contract. Income tax at local rates. Free passages on first appointment and on leave for officer and family. Liberal home leave on full salary. Government quarters, when available, at moderate rental.

Apply, stating full name and giving brief details of qualifications and experience, to Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Great Smith Street, London, SW1, quoting BCD 59/88/02.

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY OF WELLINGTON
New Zealand

PALMERSTON NORTH UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

The Council of the Victoria University of Wellington invites applications from suitably qualified persons for the following posts on the staff of Palmerston North University College:
SENIOR LECTURESHIP IN ENGLISH
2 LECTURESHIPS IN ENGLISH
LECTURESHIP IN MATHEMATICS
2 LECTURESHIPS IN HISTORY
2 LECTURESHIPS IN GEOGRAPHY
2 LECTURESHIPS IN EDUCATION

The salary for a Senior Lecturer will be £1,315 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,615, and for a Lecturer £1,025 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,275. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointees. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses.
Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1.
Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 31 August 1959.

CITY OF BIRMINGHAM
PUBLIC HEALTH DEPARTMENT
MENTAL HEALTH SERVICE
PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL AND FAMILY CARE SECTION

A vacancy exists for a Deputy Chief Assistant in the above section. Salary APT Grade IV – £1,065-£1,220 per annum.
This is a post of special responsibility in a section with a full establishment of 17 workers. Applicants must have good University qualifications in social work and mental health as well as a wide experience of mental health and social case-work service.
Superann scheme; medical examination. Further particulars may be obtained from the Medical Officer of Health, Council House, Birmingham 3, to whom applications, giving the names of two referees, should be addressed to arrive not later than 5 September, 1959.

STELLA FISHER
IN THE STRAND

A well-run Employment Agency which provides a personnel selection service for London's leading employers. Office workers of both sexes are invited to contact
STELLA FISHER BUREAU
436 Strand, London, WC2.
TEM. 6644.
Licensed by LCC
Members of EMPLOYMENT AGENTS' FEDERATION.

AN unusual opportunity arises for a man of some education, experienced in building & carpentry & prepared to share the life of a children's community in Scotland. Couple considered. Box 10281.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CITY OF SHEFFIELD

PARK HILL FLATS

Applications are invited for the following appointments on the staff of the Housing Manager, Vincent M. Hughes, FAI.

(1) SUPERINTENDENT, GRADE APT III. (Salary £880-£1,065.)
Applicants should have a sound background of practical knowledge of dwellinghouse property administration and an aptitude towards the promotion of welfare and well-being among large groups of tenants.
The social success of this enterprising project will depend to a considerable extent upon the quality of the managerial and welfare work attaching to this post and that of the Assistant Superintendent.

(2) ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT (FEMALE), GRADE APT I. (Salary £610-£765.)
Applicants for both these posts must have progressive outlook, sociological and housing interests, and practical experience in welfare work and human relations.

(3) CHARGE ENGINEER, GRADE APT II. (Salary £765-£880.)
Applicants will be required to take charge of mechanical apparatus and plant, comprising the Garchey System of refuse disposal, with gas-fired incineration, oil-fired boiler system associated with hot-water central-heating circulation services, laundries, electric lifts, etc., and to direct and assist the operational and maintenance staff.
The Park Hill Flats Scheme is Sheffield's first high-density scheme of multi-storey dwellings, and constitutes a major redevelopment of an outworn central residential area and comprises some 2,000 dwellings with all modern amenities.
Housing accommodation will be made available for one or more of the posts as is considered necessary.
Superannuable posts; Medical Examination.

Applications, stating age, education and training, qualifications, present and past appointments (with dates and salaries), experience and the names of two referees, should reach me not later than 22 August 1959.
JOHN HEYS,
Town Hall, Town Clerk.
Sheffield, 1.

THE University of Liverpool. Applications are invited from persons holding an Honours degree, and having some post-graduate experience in social research, for the post of Research Worker in the Department of Social Science. The salary scale is £700 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £850 per annum. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should be received not later than 29 August, 1959, by the undersigned, from whom further particulars of the conditions of appointment may be obtained. Stanley Dumbell, Registrar.

BBC invites applications from men and women for post of Producer/Programme Assistant in School Broadcasting Department to plan and prepare geographical programmes and accompanying literature, for children of various ages. Honours degree in Geography, and interest in educational possibilities of radio essential. Experience of teaching and travel strong additional qualifications. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 p.a. max. Requests for application forms and additional information (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1229 N. Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Chief Sub-Editor to act as deputy to Sports News Editor. Duties include planning, arranging and production of sports feature programmes in Home, Light and Overseas Services, occasional reporting of sporting events and interviewing at the microphone. Thorough journalistic knowledge of sport and its leading personalities, or good knowledge of sport and good radio production experience essential. Salary £1,545 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,970 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G. 1233 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Agricultural Producer in Swansea to plan and produce talks and programmes on farming and allied topics, both for specialist and general audience. Good general education, with some specialist qualifications in agricultural subjects and thorough knowledge of Wales and Welsh language, essential. Ability to maintain lively contact with rural community expected. Experience in broadcasting or in agricultural journalism very desirable. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1230 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

EFFICIENT sh.-typist wanted. Interesting work. No age limit. Box 10276.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Industrial Correspondent for Wales in Cardiff. Duties include establishing and maintaining in Wales the necessary relations in the industrial field to ensure a regular flow of news and information on all significant matters, including developments and information of coming events; preparing and supplying reports on industrial matters in Wales for Welsh and UK News bulletins in Sound and Television, and also for External Services. Thorough knowledge of Welsh industrial affairs and their relation to International affairs, competence in Welsh language and facility for writing clearly and concisely for broadcasting essential. Good microphone voice and ability to interview well would be important assets. Salary £1,545 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,970 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelop. and quoting reference G.1231 N. Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

LANCASHIRE County Council. Librarian required at Prestwich Hospital (Mental), near Manchester. Salary £610 to £765 (starting point according to experience and qualifications). Librarian will be required, if necessary, to undertake and/or organise educational activities for the patients. Applicants must have completed the Registration Examination or hold an equivalent qualification in education or social science. Applications accepted from candidates who have taken all parts of the Registration Examination. Results to be forwarded when available. Appointment superannuable and subject to medical examination. Applications (with copies of two testimonials) to County Librarian, County Hall, Preston, by 24 August.

PADDINGTON Borough Council. Welfare Officer, Public Health Department. Applications are invited for this post. Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience of successful candidate within range £795-£910 (APT. II). The duties will include work among immigrants from overseas. Preference will be given to candidates possessing a social science diploma of a recognised university; a wide experience in case work, and a thorough knowledge of existing social services. Applications stating age, educational qualifications, past and present appointments with names and addresses of two referees should be sent to the undersigned by 1 Sept. 1959 (Quoting A.422). W. H. Bentley, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Paddington Green, W2.

SURREY Education Committee. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men for appointment to the new post of Deputy Vocational Guidance Officer. The successful candidate will be required to take up his duties at the earliest possible date. Candidates should have had wide experience of Youth Employment work and, preferably, experience in industry, commerce or teaching. They should possess a University Degree or other appropriate qualification. Salary, APT Grade IV, £1,065 × £55/£50 – £1,220 p.a., plus London Allowance. Commencing salary according to experience and qualifications. Further particulars and application form obtainable on receipt of stamped addressed envelope to the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, to be returned by 24 August, 1959.

CITY of Leicester Education Committee. School Psychological Service. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Educational Psychologist in the School Psychological Service. Duties include educational and clinical work and afford much scope. Candidates will be expected to possess a degree in psychology, practical training in child psychology and to have had teaching experience. Ability to lecture an asset. Applications from persons at present taking training will be considered. Salary in accordance with Grade I of the Educational Psychologist's Scale. Further particulars and form of application may be obtained from the Director of Education, Newarke Street, Leicester. Completed applications should be returned to this office not later than fourteen days after the appearance of the advertisement.

CITY of Plymouth. Amended Advertisement. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men and women for the appointment of Senior Child Care Officer at a point within grade APT II (at present £765-£880 p.a.) according to qualifications and experience. This is a new post and the officer appointed will be responsible for (a) reviewing the case work of the Department, and (b) the placing of children for adoption under the Adoption Act, 1958, which the Council has decided to undertake. Forms of application obtainable from the Children's Officer, (3) Municipal Offices, Lockyer Street, Plymouth, to whom they must return within 10 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required at Maida Vale Hospital, W9. Applicants should hold the Mental Health Diploma. The work will be in the Psychiatric Dept of this neurological hospital and will be concerned mainly with out-patient adults and parents of disturbed children. Appls and enqs to the Hse Governor, Maida Vale Hospital, W9.

SECRETARY wanted, mornings only, by writer. Theatre, political, and committee work. Chelsea area. Box 10231.

SKILLED sec. reqd by furniture mfr. S. Ken. Varied, intstg work. KNI. 4695.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, req. for interesting work in Children's Homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Min. salary £30 16s. 8d. month, less valuation of emoluments. Write Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220 London Rd, Chelmsford.

SURREY County Council, Northern Divisional Executive. Woman Assistant Leader reqd for 2 or 3 evenings p.w., for Annexe Youth Club, Barnes, SW14. 19s. per evening, rising to 26s. 3d. after one year, subject to attendance at approved training courses. Apply with full det. to District Youth Officer, Corporation Annexe, Mortlake High St, SW14.

USA (one hour from New York). Arts Graduate required for one or two years to prepare two boys aged 10 and 12 for common entrance examination to English Public Schools. Must have experience of general teaching. Teaching diploma preferred. Evidence of success in this type work required. Broad sympathies and interests. Adaptable personality. References of character and qualifications will be checked before interview in London on 21-23 August. Single. Good salary, passage. Reply to Mme Heuten, 12 chaussee de Tantise, Strombeek, Brussels, Belgium.

ORGANISING Assistant required immediately by Labour Party in a North London constituency where the last straight (by-election) fight reduced Tory majority to under 4,000. It is intended to make the appointment for a period of three months. The job would be ideal for either a keen young Socialist desiring further experience in preparation for a political career or a retired but active professional organiser (LP, TU, Co-op., etc.) anxious to throw his full weight into another tough job. Salary according to National Scale. Applications, with full details of Labour Party and other Movement experience, should be sent to the Secretary, Hornsey Labour Party, 28 Middle Lane, London, N8.

TEACHER of German (male) required immediately by West End School of Languages. German must be native tongue. Hours mainly afternoon and evening; permanent post with guaranteed salary. Foreign nationals must already hold Labour Permit or be free from labour restrictions. Degree preferable, teaching experience essential. Salary by arrangement. Apply Box 10298.

UNITED Nations Association requires secretarial assistant in its International Service Dept. Good shorthand and typing. Five-day week. £350 × £25 to £450. Apply immediately to UNA, 25 Charles Street, W1.

MADRID-Mangold Institute, 4,000 pupils, 80 teachers, requires 1 September, energetic, straightforward man to train and control teachers of English in modern methods, including audio-visual aids. Qualifications: age 35-45; wide experience of teaching English to foreigners; knowledge of Spanish; prepared to remain at least three years; if married, wife must be able to teach part-time. Adequate salary assured. Apply: Director.

ASSISTANT Secretary Women's Institutes' residential college, nr Oxford. £400, full residence, 5 wks' holiday and wkend off mthly. Drive car essential or prepared to learn. Apply, Warden, Denman College, Marcham, Abingdon.

HOUSEMASTER or couple, resident, required September – wife matron or cook, mixed private school, S. Devon coast. Ability to teach an asset. Wages according to qualifications and/or experience. Box 10314.

YOUTH Leader required immediately for open mixed club Marylebone. Three nights weekly. £250 p.a. Experience preferred, references essential. Write: Secretary, 38 Cumberland Mansions, W1.

AYLESBURY CLP invites applications for the post of Secretary-Agent. The appointment to be made in consultation with the National Executive Committee. Living accommodation, party vehicle and office staff available. Application forms obtainable from the chairman, A. J. Cato, 2 Beaconsfield Rd., Aston Clinton, Aylesbury, Bucks, to whom they should be returned not later than 16 Sept.

REQUIRED in Sept., qualified Tutor in Shorthand and Typewriting for Secretarial College in Holland Park, specializing in intensive crses for grads. Small groups, congenial atmosphere. Bus. exp. an advantage. Reply to Organizing Sec., Davies's Secretarial Training, White Lodge, 2 Addison Rd, W14.

ASSISTANT Cook (woman, resident) req. 1 Sept. Wages by arrangement. Apply immediately to the Housekeeper, Dunhurst School, Petersfield, Hants. Tel. Petersfield 27.

TRANSLATORS wanted, Russian-English, highly fluent both languages, social sciences material regular monthly basis. Write International Arts & Sciences Press, 33 W 42 St, New York 36.

MIDDLE-aged woman required for clerical work connected with workrooms for old age pensioners - good copy typist - could be part-time. Apply Employment Fellowship, Drayton House, Gordon St, WC1. (EUS. 1828.)

EMBASSY reqs competent woman secretary, 25/35, for senior executive. Apply Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

AUTHOR, Hampstead area, requires secretary with literary ability. Very fast shorthand and typing essential. High salary for suitable applicant. Box 10300.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BOROUGH of Beddington and Wallington. Senior Library Assistants. Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians (male or female) for appointments of Senior Assistants in the Public Library. Salary for post (1) on APT I (£610-£765), and for post (2) on APT II (£765-£880), plus London Weighting. Applications on forms obtainable from the undersigned, to be returned not later than Saturday, 12 September, 1959. A. B. Bateman, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Wallington, Surrey.

UNDER Sagittarius or Under Milkwood, your luck will hold good if you get your job through Winifred Johnson, Secretarial Agency, 114 Holborn, EC1 (next to Gamages). HOLborn 0390.

REQUIRED experienced lady as partner help reopen established London typewriting office. Box 10224.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

GRADUATE, 22, seeks occupation abroad. Good Spanish, working French, German. Money secondary to interest. Box 10293.

EXPERIENCED woman social worker, 39, trained Personnel Officer, seeks a non-resident post, Lond. area pref. Box 10336.

YNG married Englishman, fluent German, some French, a little Italian, needs perm. interesting position, beg. Oct. Box 10083.

FINLAND. Grad. (f.), 26, wants work there. Anything considered. Box 10255.

ANIMAL welfare work sought by country-man with transport and resources. Home/overseas. Box 10267.

WOMAN, 29, unmarried, intell., gd appearance, wide office exp., typ., clerical, etc., used to working unsupervised, sks interesting responsible, well-paid job. Box 10138.

YOUNG man requires occupation till late September, pref outdoors. Box 10169.

PROSPEROUS but bored administrator, MA. Eng. Lit., seeks spare-time writing or research. Box 10367.

SCHOOLS

A HIGHGATE Montessori Nursery (inspected and approved by the County Health Dept). Open all the yr round for children 21-5 years. Hrs 8.30 a.m.-6.30 p.m. Mon.-Fri. Further partics Tel. Princ. MOU. 0956.

ST CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth, co-education 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, MA.

FOR freedom and self-government, Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John H. Aitkenhead, MA, Ed.B.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset, school farm. TT cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys & girls 9-18. Principals Carl & Eleanor Urban.

NEW Sherwood School, co-educational, progressive, parent-owned, has at the moment limited vacancies for boarders, Epsom 9619.

KING Alfred School (F.1898) Prog. Co. Educ. Day School, age 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ., 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Road, NW11.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, NW3. (SWI. 3391.) Small group of full and weekly boarders accepted. Weekends at country house in Chiltern Hills 800ft above sea. French-Engl. holiday group (August). Elizabeth Paul, Ph.D.

WYCHWOOD Girls School, Oxford, 10 to University age, small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self governing community. Principal, Miss E. M. Snodgrass, MA.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

PAINTING, sculpture, genteel music, antiseptic architecture and evasive Shakespearian Drama have been fostered to the neglect of the other arts. Crafts Review seeks to remedy that. We need your subscription for which we will send you a polite acknowledgement and No. 2. £1 per annum. USA $4. Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts.

READ 'Left Bank This Month', new English language magazine by, about, for LQ Paris, Beatniks, Expatriates of the Generation. See Holiday Travel column.

SPANISH Civil War, Russia, Socialism; we buy books, pamps, journals; any lang. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

'LABOUR Monthly,' R. P. Dutt, 'Labour's Great Debate'; Jack Woddis, 'End This Hell in Africa'; Counc. Solly Kaye, 'The Road to Wapping Steps'. 1s. 6d. or 9s. half-yearly (post-free). Dept NS. 134 Ballards Lane, N3.

S/HAND books, records, posted. Lists sent. Silverdale, 1142/6 Argyle St, Glasgow.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street, CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Ge.ucht! R. & E. Steiner (Books), Phone AMBassador 1564.

PERSONAL attention given overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford Trading, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, Lond., WC2.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38A Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030

PERSONAL

RALLY AT POLEBROOK
ROCKET BASE

to urge workers quit site. Saturday, 22 August. Assemble 2 p.m. Polebrook village (near Oundle, Peterborough). Coaches from London. Further details write to: Direct Action Committee, 344 Seven Sisters Road, London, N4.

URGENT, Man, 30, easy-going, interested arts, politics, sole survivor Continental motoring party (ferry booked) 22 Aug.-10 Sept., seeks companions; if necessary will subsidise rather than go alone. Box 10247.

HITCH-hik. comp. (f.) reqd. by stud. (f., 21), Aug./Sept. Greece/sim. SUN. 2375.

CALIFORNIA. American family, two young boys, requires mother's help, full time. Must be responsible, domestic, willing pay own transportation. Good salary. Minimum period one year. Interviews London about 1 Sept. Please give full particulars. Box 10302.

PROF. woman 38, wishes join car England or Cont. 2-3 wks. Share exps. Epsom 9371.

TWO vac. seats in car to & from Alassio, 29 Aug.-13 Sept. Share exps. Box 10160.

GRAD. mother starting small nursery group. Mornings. Angel, Islington. TER. 6873.

BACHELOR (63) with flat adjoining Richmond Bridge seeks another business or professional man, view to sharing. Box 10269.

USA opportunity Sept.-June min. Anglo-American family, mother social worker, want girl domestic helper. Wistrich. MAI 8943

CAN anyone help; Artist & wife wish to rent house or huge maisonette or convertible stables at a reasonable price, in London or very near. Box 10059.

QUIET room in Chiswick offered rent-free in return for help in keeping occasional friendly eye on elderly lady. No domestic chores, and would consider small payment arrangement for Sundays. Box 10299.

STUDENT seeks car passage to Poland mid-Sept. Share expenses. Speaks French, German, Polish. Box 10263.

RELIABLE car for sale. Low mileage 1938 Wolseley 21 HP saloon, in excell. condition with new tyres. Seen Harrow. Box 10167.

SAILING Barge. All mod. con., sound, furn., sails, etc. Engine, 85ft. London. £2,500 o.n.o. Box 10177.

ITALY return travel with one night in hotel, Florence, 16 gns. Students and young non-students 23 Aug. and 6 Sept. (2 weeks) 30 Aug. (3 weeks). Box 10242.

SPEECHES, books, house mags, Journalist writes confid., promptly. Box 10251.

PERSONALIST Club. A new approach to leisure and culture. Write Box 10245.

PSYCHOLOGIST requires assistance literary agent publication non-technical, psychological work. Eachman, 5 Acacia Rd., NW8

A FRIENDLY informal society through which members meet at theatres, concerts, opera, ballet, exhibitions, dances, etc. Send s.a.e. to The Companions Club, 11(S) Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St, W1.

MARK Gerson, photographer to the world of books and art. Details and price list on request. 16 Woodstock St, Mayfair, W1. MAY. 0609.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Entrance fee suspended during summer. Special rates for students and married couples. Enquire about membership and excursion to Middelheim Sculpture Exhibition to the Secretary.

YOUR environment is phoney—Industrial products are forgeries. See Books and Publications. Crafts Review.

A PORTRAIT of you, or one of your family, is a gift to be treasured by someone you care for. Oils 10 gns, pastels 4 gns, pen 2 gns, by Mary Heuston. Tel. RIV. 1302. (Children like to sit still for Mary Heuston.)

WELL-known West End Employment Agency invites applications from men/women of personality and business sense, interested in operating typing/duplicating division. First-class modern equipment available. Profit-sharing basis. Solicitors' agreement. Nominal investment £500. Details of age, experience, etc., to Box 10249.

CONWAY Hall. Available for Meetings, Concerts, Priv. Theatricals; capacity 500. Dances 250. Excellent acoustics for recordings. Also small Hall & Committee Rooms. Apply: Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1.

SOCIOLOGY, psychology, discussion, dancing, music, play reading, writing, rambling—are you interested? Write Sec. (B), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pl., SW1 (SLO. 9595), for conversation & tuition.

MR M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1 (Tel. HOL. 8193).

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or cal for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

PERSONAL—continued

THE Blue Card Club, 97 Charing Cross Road, WC2, gets 10% reduction at London Restaurants, 1 gn. yearly. Part-time representatives needed.

SELL Your Writing. Stories and articles wanted for immediate submission to Editors on a 10% basis. Unsuitable work returned with free criticism and free 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success'. Stamped addressed envelope essential. Literary Agency Dept. N2, BA School of Successful Writing, 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

MASSAGE for health and fitness relieves nervous tension. HAM. 2514. 12-5 p.m.

PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

VISION corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner, Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, SW7. KNIghtsbridge 7323.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists

LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish Street, W1. Booklet sent. Also Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich.

DEANER Printers Ltd. for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets and all Commercial Stationery, etc. 49 Hackney Rd, E2. SHOreditch 3889/6040.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

PRINTING at less cost by offset litho with text in print-style type. Books, brochures, programmes, etc. Illustrations or original text reproduced. Susan Tully, 9 Blenheim St, W1. MAYfair 6093.

FAMILY Planning requisites by post anywhere. Booklet, price list free under sealed cover. Premier Laboratories, Ltd, 333/46 Gray's Inn Rd, London, WC1.

FOREIGN Languages on Records. Visaphone 9 LP records, 2 books in case. French or German £8 8s. Interpret holiday crses: 3 LP records, 2 books. French, Spanish, Italian or German £3 10s. Free trial, post-free. No dep. Bermerlea Book Sales, Ltd (Dept Visaphone, NS), 10 Bayley St, WC1. MUS. 7223.

FOREIGN girls, domest./willing avail. (1) 'au pair', (2) req. free board & lodg in exch. 4 hrs. help, (3) also paying sm. contrib. f. bd & lodg. and offer 2 hrs help. Educatour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7. KEN. 8806.

TV urgently needs scripts and you can be taught to write them. Apply: Dept. 104, TV Writing School, 7 Harley St, London, W1.

GERMAN language/literature, all levels, native teachers. Preparation for GCE, etc. New elementary courses start 1 September. Register now, Ashley College, GER. 8782.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, preferably au pair. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton Street, SW3. KEN. 1586.

LYRICS & sketches reqd. Scripts and s.a.e. to Irving Theatre, Leicester Sq, WC2.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd, SW10. FLA. 4354.

THERE'S always something worthwhile doing (including doing nothing!) at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

4½% Interest (tax paid). Invest in a Society with a Proud Policy through The New Homes Building Society, 342 Richmond Rd, E. Twickenham. Chr. Anthony Marlowe, MP.

HUMANISM, a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un., 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Setogni, WEL. 6655, for details.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KEN. 8042.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details and fees for our Courses & Criticisms, and success letters from students.

STOP Smoking, Easily! Thousands helped. Free booklet from Natural Health Co., Dept. J5, 23 White Hart Lane, SW13.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

BACH. 30's, offers share flat Oval district to another. 35s. weekly. Box 10209.

VISITORS to London should stay at 98 Palace Gardens Terrace, Kensington, W8. Central, pleasant. Bed & breakfast, double 30s., single 17s 6d. Phone BAY. 5985.

GROUND floor room available, Kensington. Suitable private consulting room osteopath. Non-resident. 6 gns. weekly. Box 10206.

HIGHGATE furn. flat one lady, c.h.w., pt c.h., tel., frig., linen, etc. CLI. 2856.

LONDON NW6. Accom. vac.; respons. lady wntd for well-furn. rm in s/c flat, sharing kit. & bath. Nr buses & tube. MAI. 8312.

OFFICES to let, 3 rooms first floor, Red Lion Street, WC1. £348 p.a. Reply to A. Appelbe, 7 New Square, Lincoln's Inn.

HIGHGATE, sm. flat, beaut. sit/furn., c.h.w., porter, for 1 (f.). 90s. MAI. 5317.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

THIRD girl wanted to join group sharing spacious flat. AMB. 3980.

'THE Wood,' NW8. Pleasant, quiet road 5 mins. Bakerloo. Large bed-sitting room with view, & breakfasts, 5 gns. (4 gns. if absent weekends.) Refs. Box 10285.

3RD man to share best NW2 flat. Own room. £2 10s. HAM. 7289.

LATE bed-sitteree offers 2 rms singly/together, part/fully furn., well appointed W1 flat. Share ideal kitchen. Box 10230.

FURN. grnd flr flat, 3 lge rms, kit. living rm, kit'ette, bthrm, warm garage, nice gdn, children welcome. Box 10229.

NW3. Lge. b/s in quiet flat, own phone, young lady only 2½ gns. Box 10228.

FURNISHED flatlet, sep. kitchen, h. & c., overlkg. garden. Crouch End. FIT. 0773.

SWISS Cottage. Large double room with own small kitchen, 4½ guineas weekly including light and linen. Phone PRI. 3414.

SUNNY bed-sit. for young woman, 45s. includes service. MOU. 5916.

REGENT'S Park. Maisonnette, sgle/dble, gdn. till end Sept.; £6 10s. EUS. 3852.

NW8. Lge furn. b/s., wonderful view. Cent. htg, built-in cupboards & basin. C.h.w., b., k. w. frig. Phone. 4½ gns. p.w. Suit prof. woman/Univ. stud. Box 10306.

GIRL wanted to share Hampstead flat with girl graduate. Box 10395.

S/C. furn. flat, dble bedroom, living rm, facing Hampstead Heath, bath-cum-kit. 6 gns. p.w. View evgs/wk-ends. SWI. 3521.

SELF-cont. 2 rooms, kit. & bthroom, Sth Kensington, 70s. p.w. Refs. Box 10278.

S/CONTD. 4 rooms & bathroom, South Kensington, 6 gns p.w. Refs. Box 10270.

CHARMING newly furn. b/sit., architect's house. Charlwood Rd. PUTney 8341.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club. 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

WILL suit young person, room, use of house, cheap incl. rent. Ring WIL. 3702.

HIGHGATE. B/s., cent. heated Court, c.h.w., view, garages; £3. MOU. 4695.

KEW Gardens. Large furn. b/s. room. Musical person (m.) preferred. Box 10376.

CORNWALL. W. Looe River. Furn. hol. cottage also bungalow. Fogerty, Shallowpool, Nr Looe. Free from 5 Sept., Looe 278.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

YNG bus. lady reqs s/c b/s sgle, NW area. Ring Miss Bauer TEM. 5993, not Sats.

BED-sit. or flatlet central or south London only for week-ends. Box 10227.

PAINTER, writer want furn. flat, good workroom pref. nr. NW3. Refs. Box 10222.

FLAT, small unfurn., reqd prof. sgle woman from 1 Oct. Lond., Essex side. Box 10129.

REMOTISH cottage wanted 50 miles London with elec. Buy or rent. Box 10208.

WHERE TO STAY

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Gerionydd. Modern comfort, very good food & fires. Friendly & informal. 6½/7½ gns. Vac. owing to cancellations. George & Elaine Bonner, Pentallt, Tretrisw, Llanrwst, 166.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres, Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 21944. 33 rms. 150 yards sea front. Gdns, putting green, garages. Superlative food. Doubles August 10½ gns.

KESWICK, Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers beautiful views, gd food, comf. & friendly atmosphere. Broch. and tariff from Mr & Mrs N. Lusby, Tel. 508.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast and country. 5s. post free from Victor Hilton (NS), Sundial House, Torquay.

COTSWOLDS. Guests welc. in simple country house in lovely valley, & gns. wkly. Mrs Collier, 'Steanbridge', Nr Stroud, Glos.

BOOK now for mid-Sept & Oct. at this small friendly Hotel in best sea-front posn. Recom. by readers and others. Simple vegtn fare if desired. From 7 gns., fully inclusive. Inexpensive uppor flr rooms. No gratuities. Simbrlands; h. & c.; 2 lounges. Illus. brochures fre. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Seafront, St. Leonards, Sussex. Hastings 4784.

SUSSEX. 18th Century Lamb House, Chapel Hill, Lewes. Lovely Downland country. Delightful rooms, breakfast, garden. Tel. 1773.

ROMAN Holiday. Accomm. offered near Colosseum. Room & breakfast 23s. Countess Widman, Via Marco Aurelio 42, Rome.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

A HOME on the Thames, 35 minutes from Piccadilly Circus. Converted Sailing Barge: spacious accom.; garden mooring; all electric; telephone; £1,500 o.n.o. Ring ACOrn 8511.

FOR sale, Gloucestershire cottage, part renovated, £1,100. Details Box 9977.

BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN, WC2.
Tel. COVent Garden 1066

THE ROYAL BALLET

Evenings 7.30, Mats Sats 2.15.
17 Aug. The Lady and the Fool, The Burrow, Mam'zelle Angot.
18 Aug. A Blue Rose, The Firebird, Pineapple Poll.
19 Aug. Pineapple Poll, Rinaldo and Armida, Ballet Imperial.
20 & 22 Aug. Le Lac des Cygnes.
21 Aug. Mam'zelle Angot, The Burrow, The Firebird.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tu-Fri. 8, St. & Sn. 5 & 8. Cambridge University Actors. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls 3-yr Cont. revue fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. 4th week, 12th Ed. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems ticket.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. 7.30, Sats 5 & 8.15. Mats, Thurs. 2.30. Vivien Leigh, Anthony Quayle, Max Adrian, Robert Stephens, Meriel Forbes, George Devine in 'Look after Lulu!' by Noel Coward.

UNITY. EUS 5391. 'Take it as Red'. A new revue. Fr., Sat., Sun., 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

ROYAL ALBERT HALL

HENRY WOOD
PROMENADE CONCERTS

Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30
Tickets: 8s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 4s. 6d., at Hall (KEN 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade, 3s., available nightly at doors.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns.) Art Films Prog. in colour Rembrandt, Van Gogh, Utrillo.

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Summer Revivals. Until 16 Aug.: Leslie Howard, Humphrey Bogart in 'Stand-In' (A), 'A Time Out of War' (U). From 17 Aug.: Chaplin in 'A King in New York' (U) (1957) and 'Oh, What A Night!' (U) (1914).

ROXY, BAY. 2345. W/c 16 Aug. 7 days. 'Frenzy,' Swedish-Eng. titles (A). Marx Brothers in 'Night in Casablanca' (A).

SUNDAY Films in colour - Royal Festival Hall 19 July to 6 Sept. 6 p.m. 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme', by the Comedie Francaise - in French with English sub-titles. 8.30 p.m. 'Eugene Onegin' - Bolshoi Theatre production with English sub-titles. Tickets for each film 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. (WATerloo 3191).

SCR Garden Party for Soviet Tourists on Saturday, 15 August, 7.30 p.m., at 14 Kensington Square, W8. Adm. 2s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Period costumes. The Londonderry Ambassadorial Silver. Open 10 to 8 daily, including Sundays.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood Exhibitions: 'William Gilpin and the Picturesque' and '18th Century Portrait Busts'. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. Refreshments available. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations. (987)

CORSHAM Court, Nr Bath. Open every day except Mondays, Elizabethan; Georgian interior. Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters. 11-12.30, 2.0-6.0. 2s. 6d.

THE Romantic Movement: Council of Europe Tenth Anniversary. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. (Watercolours, Drawings and Prints). Till 27 September. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Sun. 2-6. Admission 1s.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Free.

GANYMED reproductions of Impressionist paintings, large prints about £3, 14in. prints 14s., from all good print shops and 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

RECENT work of Crowan Pottery by Harry and May Davis at the Crafts Centre of Great Britain, 16-17 Hay Hill, Berkeley Square, W1, until 2 September. Mon-Fri. 10-5, Sat. 10-2.30. Admission free.

THE New Art Centre, 41 Sloane Street, SW1. August Exhibition of Young Painters. 10-6.30, Sats 10-1.

AIA Gallery, 15 Lisle St, Leicester Sq., WC2. Auerbach, Avray Wilson, Ayres, Batty, Farmer, Frost, Froy, Gear, Heath, Hill, Hughes, K. Martin, M. Martin, Mundy, Nicholson, Pasmore, Scott, Smith, Stroud, Turnbull.

NUDES of Jean Straker - Photography 12-9, 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ICA. 17 Dover St, W1. E. C. Gregory Memorial Exhibition. Until 15 Aug. Daily 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Adm. 1s. Mems free.

THE Romantic Movement: Council of Europe Tenth Anniversary. An Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery (Painting & Sculpture). Till 27 Sept. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Four German Artists: Biro, Kirchberger, Pfahler, Sieber. Till 22 August. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1.

EVERYMAN Foyer Gallery, Hampstead. Pictures by Molly Moss. Till 31 August.

GALLERY One, W1. (GER. 3729.) Hussein Shariffe: paintings.

ST George's Gallery Prints, Contemporary British Print Makers No. 2. 29 July-29 August inclusive. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Sculpture - Arp, Giacometti, Matisse, Picasso, etc. To 11 Sept. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

KAPLAN Gallery: Summer Exhibition - Impressionist and Modern Paintings. 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1.

MARLBOROUGH. 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. 19th and 20th Century European Masters - Bonnard, Cezanne, Dufy, Gauguin, Gris, Klee, Matisse, Picasso, Soutine, etc. Daily 10-5, Saturdays 10-12.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Summer Exhibition of 1959 Paintings by Soulages; De Staël; Manessier; Ernst; Sutherland; Pasmore; Richards Avray Wilson, etc. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

WADDINGTON Galleries House Exhibition II inc. Yeats, Hitchens, Rouault, Hilton, Zack, Frost, Adler, Heron, Avva, Wynter, Hayden, Wells, Bell. 2 Cork St, W1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Kenneth Armitage Retrospective: Sculpture & drawings 1948-1959. Weekdays 11-6; Suns 2-6; closed Mons. Adm. free. Adj. Aldgate E. Stn.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16, Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Paintings - Patrick Betaudier, Nina Hosali, Malcolm Betts. 17 Aug. to 5 Sept. 10-6. Sats 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

INDIAN Independence Day: Sat., 15 August 1959. Celebration meeting, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1, 7.15 p.m. Chairman: Reginald Sorensen, MP. Indian Dance Drama. Tickets 2s. 6d., 1s., from the India League, & the London Mailis, 31a John Adam St, WC2. TRA. 6465.

CENT. Lon. Fabian Soc. Geoffrey Drain, 'The White Collar Worker,' Wed., 19 Aug. 7.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d.

'GUIDE to World Brotherhood'. Public Lect. Sun., 16 Aug., 8 p.m. Free lit. s.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2 (PAD. 0688).

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 22 August at 6 p.m. Mr P. Longton: 'New Ways for Modern Problems'.

NEW Jewish Soc. A Brains Trust in Reverse. Wed. 19 Aug., 8 p.m. Simon Marks Rm, Bedford Hse, 108 Baker St, W1.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

ALBERT Schweitzer College, Churwalden/Grisons (4,000 ft) Switzerland. Year Course 1959-60, three 11-week terms, 4 Oct.-6 July. A modern international study centre inspired by the life and thought of Albert Schweitzer. A balanced education in a democratic community. Courses, in both English and German on philosophical and sociological problems, religion, ethics and psychology. Language instruction. Arts, literature & sports. Good general education reqd. Min. age 18. Inform. Refs. & applic.: Prof Hans Casparis, Albert Schweitzer College, Churwalden GR/Switzerland.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

SOCIAL Science Tutorial College. Revised Brochure. 11 Old Bond St, W1.

RUSSIAN, French, German. Conversations, private lessons. Expert tuition by native teachers. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (opp. Garrick Theatre). TRA. 2044.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

MODERN Churchmen's 42nd Annual Conference at the Froebel Institute, Roehampton, Monday, 31 Aug. to Friday, 4 Sept., 1959. Conference Theme: 'Life and Death'. Chairman: The Rev. Professor S. G. F. Brandon, DD. Particulars from the Hon. Sec., 10A Bardwell Rd, Oxford.

ST JAMES' Academy, 283 Oxford St, W1 HYDe Park 6524. Intensive full/part-time secretarial courses start 28 September. Small groups. Remarkable results. Also attractive language courses and English for Continentals. Hampstead residence.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARk 8392.

GREGG and Pitman Intensive Secretarial Courses. Day and Evening Classes. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, SW7. KEN. 4771

SPANISH Guitar Lessons. Auth. Span. meth. Personal and class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar'; Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2. Tel. COV. 0754.

SPARE-Time Writing. Get more pleasure & profit from writing by taking an ICS Home Study Course. Apply for Free Book to: International Correspondence Schools, 71 Kingsway, Dept. SS.2, London, WC2.

PAINTING as a Pastime Mary Law, Exhibitor at RA & Paris Salon. Small classes, beginners welc. Phone WIL. 6025.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas; Law Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prospectus (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE., LL.B., Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

PRIVATE lessons Shorthand, Typing, English, French. Mabel Eyles, ENT. 3324.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

HOLIDAY VACANCIES

We can accept a few additional bookings for some of our August, September and October parties in Austria, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Yugoslavia and Scandinavia.

Special suggestions:
Italian or Spanish sunshine bargains or two-centre holidays August and September. Costs from 27½ gns.

House Parties in Sweden or Switzerland. Departures 23 August

WINTER SPORTS

Advance information available

Full details from:
ERNA LOW, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7.
KEN. 8881-4.

SPAIN, ITALY
YUGOSLAVIA
15 days Star of Spain coach tour.
Vacancies 13 & 27 September and 11 October - 48 gns.
15-days holiday by rail to Tossa from 26 gns. Departures every Sunday in September and 4 & 11 October.
15-days Star of Italy coach tour.
Vacancies 20 & 27 September - 42 gns.
12-days' Air and Rail tour to Opatija.
Depart London Airport 27 September - 39 gns.
Apply for full details to:
APAL TRAVEL LTD., Dept NS,
78 New Oxford St, London, WC1.
Tel: MUSeum 9351-5.

PS. Harold Ingham has still 4 places left in a special party to Barcelona leaving by Air on 22 August, arriving back by rail on 11 Sept. 2 weeks' stay in University hall of residence and a Course in Art and Architecture, including visits to Tarragona and Montserrat. Inclusive cost 35 gns. for immediate applicants to Harold Ingham Ltd, 15 St John's Rd, Harrow, HARrow 1040.

GOING to Paris? If so, enjoy your visit thoroughly and intelligently by joining the Rambles in Paris. Daily lecture tours in English through the capital's most colourful quarters, covering famous places and little-known curiosities. Write for detailed programme to: R. Makarius, 146 rue Chevaleret, Paris 13e. (Tel. KEL-lerman 24-05.)

BED & Bard. 7 days 4-star hotel Stratford & seats all 5 plays. Any week from 18 Oct. All-in 22 gns. Write now Dept N, Illyrian Tours, 25 Howland St, London, W1.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

PARIS? See the real Left Bank and save 3,000 francs a day on food, hotels, jazz. Avoid tourist traps. Read 'Left Bank This Month' magazine. Beat Poetry, Articles. 2s. 6d. Sheridan Pubns, Eythorne, Dover.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1959 booklet, 'Better Holidays'. Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LANgham 3101.

INDIA, Ceylon, Malaya, Australia, Passage available to Bombay, £53 10s. Colombo £59 10s. Singapore £81 10s. Sydney, via Panama, £150. Indian National Travels Ltd, 25 Bloomsbury Way, Lon., WC1. HOL. 1193.

ADRIATIC Coast, 14-days tour Venice-Lido & Gabicce Mare, Hotel Miramare, 31 gns. Derer, 10 Park Drive, London, NW11.

THE International Holiday School, Granada, for Spanish language, art, music, drama, flamenco. Any period from 15 June to 25 August. Get details: Apartado 244, Granada, Spain.

OBERAMMERGAU/Bavarian Alps, 16 days, Aug. 1960. Pvte coach pty. Box 10217.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

APOLLO Agency for typewriting, duplicating and all secretarial services. 18 Hanover St, W1. MAYfair 5091.

FAULTLESS Typing for the discriminating writer. Highly recommended by famous authors. Novels, plays, poetry, etc. Editing by expd writer, Dorothy Shirley, 138 Green Lane, Edgware, Middx. STO. 6020.

COMPETENT typewriting service. MSS Theses, etc. Mod. terms. MAI. 2659.

MRS. Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd, WC2. TEM. 5588.

DUPLICATING and Typing promptly and efficiently executed. Moderate terms. Send to Doris Dunkerley, 205 Amersall Road, Scawthorpe, Doncaster.

JAY Cory for all typing, duplicating, Bills/Quantity, Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard Street, SW1. ABBey 2354/5817.

ALL Types of Typewriting and Duplicating done directly. MSS, Plays, Scripts, Short Stories, etc. Speed is the keynote of our efficient, faultless, inexpensive service. Colinad Co., Ltd., 117 City Rd, EC1. CLE. 9637 (5 doors from Old St Tube Stn).

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St, London, W8. WES. 5309.

DUPLICATING (Reports, Price-Lists, Programmes, Circulars). Typing translations Mabel Eyles and Partners, 10 Beaconsfield Road, N.11 (Ent. 3324).

PROPERTIES FOR EXCHANGE

LONDON flat, 4/5 rms reqd, exch. for timbered country hse, 5 rms, kit., bthrm. Essex/Suffolk border. Box 10364.

UNIVERSITY Lecturer sks exch. Blackheath house for country (100 mls)/Oxford Cambridge, 1-2 wks Sept, 3 beds, 1 cot, offered, reqd. Box 10321.

FOOD AND DRINK

MUCHAS gracias, I should love a glass of El Cid. It's the finest Amontillado Sherry that Spain produces, as I well know. I drink to your health, Señor!

ROYAL Jelly, so much in the news, is the fabulous milk of the Queen Bee. Recommended as a first-class Energy Food when packed in Clover Honey. A 21-day course costs 42s. from Nectarene Royal Jelly Products, The Honey Farm, Aberayron 4, Cards.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES

50s. by surface mail to any address in the world. (25s. for six months.)
By air mail to Europe 90s.; Middle East 98s.: N. & S. America, India & Pakistan 118s.: Australia, New Zealand, Japan, 140s.
By air express to W. Africa 90s.: E. Africa 95s.; S. Africa, India 98s., Singapore & Malaya 105s. Australia 130s.:
U.S.A. $9 (surface) $19 (air)

NEW STATESMAN Great Turnstile London WC1

Incorporating *The Nation* and *The Athenaeum*. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Entered as second class matter at the New York Post Office, NY, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, SE1. Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Postage on this issue: inland 2½d, foreign 2½d, Canada 1d